The Nation.

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The Week.

Amid the rather dreary round of tariff oratory in the House last week, one speech stands out with a kind of pathetic distinction. It is the protest made by the resident commissioner of the Philippines, Mr. De Leon, against those features of the Payne bill which deal with Philippine trade. The restrictions upon the right of free entry in this country, proposed in the case of Philippine sugar and tobacco, are a marked falling off from the terms which Mr. Taft long insisted upon. To have assented to so much in the way of a compromise must have been exceedingly distasteful to the President; and now he has the further mortification of hearing the official representative of the Filipinos in this country declare the whole plan unjust, and point out that it is unanimously opposed by the people of the islands. Mr. De Leon spoke with great restraint and dignity, yet made it clear that he and his countrymen regard the action of the United States in fixing tariffs for the Philippines without consulting the interests and sentiments of the people as sheer exploitation and oppression. And he closed his speech with that same plea for independence which always comes out in the end of any discussion of the Philippines, no matter from what premises one starts.

French exporters are badly frightened by Mr. Payne's revised schedules. France is preëminently the country that supplies the rest of the world with its luxuries. Increase your tax on frills, flounces, and furbelows, and there's sure to be a tremendous fluttering in the dove-cotes of Paris. Gloves, feathers, perfumery, and fine plate-glass are already menaced, and as the outcry continues against taxing our necessary coffee, tea, beer, and cigarettes, who knows but Mr. Payne will lay a heavy hand on French champagnes? The Parisians, therefore, are quite right in being anxious. But they are wrong when, relying on the statement of Hugues Le Roux, they attribute our heavy tariff on French products to any particular feeling of hostility for France. M. Le Roux has recently been in this country and carried away a vast stock of misinformation on which the French customs authorities would have been wise in clapping a prohibitory duty, specific and not ad valorem. In the first place, the millions of Irish and Germans among us are not, as M. Le Roux believes, responsible for our dislike of the French people, for the simple reason that we do not dislike France; far from it. And, in the second place, even if we did dislike the French, our protection philosophy is not swayed by sentimental likes and dislikes. The protection Minotaur knows neither friend nor foe. The proof is that he feeds less on the foreigner than on his fellow-citizen. First and always, the standpatter is for himself, first in war, first in peace, and first in the pockets of his countrymen.

Representative Murdock's resolution, that Congress call on the several States to return the $28,000,000 "deposited" with them by the national government in 1837, is not likely to result in anything save a dip into political history by inquiring readers. It is quite true that the money was not an outright gift. When the Congress of 1836, confronted with the unmanageable surplus revenue of "boom times," and willing to play a popular card, decided on such distribution of the accumulated surplus in excess of $5,000,000, it described the operation as a "temporary deposit"—subject, therefore, to recall at the will of Congress. But nobody entertained any illusions about the nature of the transaction. The words "temporary" and "deposit" were inserted to allay the scruples of that strict constructionist, President Jackson, and induce him to sign the bill. Most of the States which received this Federal largess—$28,000,000, as it happened, distributed in the ratio of representation of the several beneficiaries in Congress—proceeded at once to spend it; and even in the face of the collapsing Federal revenue and heavy Federal indebtedness, which came with the panic of the ensuing year, Congress passed a resolution intimating that, while it could not pay over the fourth and last instalment of the "distribution," it would not trouble the States for what they had got already. In other words, the episode was closed something more than seventy years ago, and will scarcely be reopened at this time.

But the incident is part of a chapter of events which, taken as a whole, has some bearing on present-day affairs. The period 1835-1836 closely resembled the period 1905-1906. It was an era of expansion, of reckless speculation, when everybody was making money on paper and nobody believed that the "boom" would ever end. The national Treasury shared in this delusion. Between 1834 and 1836, under the influence of the increasing home consumption and import of foreign goods, annual customs revenue expanded nearly 50 per cent., and public land sales, in response to the wild speculation in the Western States, rose from $4,800,000 to $24,000,000. As a consequence, appropriations committees unloosed the purse-strings. The moderate public debt having been by 1836 extinguished, ordinary expenditures were increased from $17,500,000 in 1835 to $37,200,000 in 1837; the "distribution to the States" was voted, and just then the panic of 1837 swept over the country. In 1836 the surplus revenue was $20,000,000; in 1837, customs revenue was cut to the lowest figure in twenty years, public land sales almost stopped, but appropriation bills continued to run, with the result of a $12,000,000 deficit and a $15,000,000 public debt at the end of the year. We wish we might hope for the reproduction, in the present instance, of the further sequel of seventy years ago—which was such reduction in annual public expenditure that it was ten years before the figure of 1837 was again approached.

We took the liberty to question, in our issue of March 25, the rather cocksure statement from Washington in respect to one feature of the Declaration of London regarding the laws of maritime war. It was confidently asserted that England had retreated from the ground she took when she demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell. The implication was that the search of a neutral vessel, and the forcible removal of civilian commissioners, such as Mason and Slidell, were hereafter to be recognized by the laws of naval warfare.

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But examination of the text of the Declaration, now at hand, shows that this, as we suspected, is an entire misapprehension. Article 47 provides, indeed, that individuals may be made prisoners of war when found on a neutral merchant vessel, even when there is no ground for capture of the ship, but such individuals must be "embodied in the armed forces of the enemy." Mason and Slidell were not. Thus the myth that the British had abandoned ground which they maintained against us in the civil war, and which our best international lawyers at the time and since admitted to be soundly taken, should at once be withdrawn from circulation.

A decision by Justice O'Gorman in the State Supreme Court, upholds the constitutionality of the law restricting to $150,000,000 life insurance written by any company in any one year. The law had been contested on the ground of arbitrary and unequal application of the restrictive provision—chiefly because "industrial" insurance was excepted from it. The court ruled that the Legislature had the right to classify insurance and to make different provision for such different classes, always assuming the classification to be reasonable. That the separation of industrial insurance from ordinary life policies was reasonable, Justice O'Gorman decides; the two businesses he describes as "quite distinct," and accordingly refuses to set aside the law. To insurance men and the general public alike, it will appear that the case was really based and decided on a technicality. To both the exception of industrial insurance is a matter of relative indifference, save as a ground for taking exception to the law's constitutionality. The real objective point of the suit was to overthrow the $150,000,000 limitation in itself, of which the large companies have complained ever since the new insurance law of 1906 went upon the statute-books.

When the legislative committee was framing its bill, it was confronted by the fact that such limitless accumulation of capital, under the hands of a single group of men, was itself a serious problem. The committee reported that the business of certain companies had "grown beyond reasonable limits," and that, "notwithstanding they have long since passed the point where further enlargement can benefit their policyholders, they have resorted to every effort to obtain new business, regardless of the expense which is reflected in diminishing dividends." That this was regarded as an evil by the companies themselves had been shown by a tentative resolution of the Mutual Life trustees, as long ago as 1892, to limit annual new business to $100,000,000. President McCall of the New York Life thus testified before the Armstrong committee:

> Q. Is there no time when an insurance company should say it is better, all things considered, to call a halt? A. I think there is a limit to human capacity.
>
> Q. And to capacity of human supervision? A. Yes.
>
> Q. And to capacity to handle such gigantic accumulations? A. Undoubtedly.
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> Q. Have you thought about it enough to reach in your mind as to what that limit should be? A. No. I think it is a very serious question. I think this committee could do a great deal of very good work in that respect, Mr. Hughes.

The elections in Michigan on Monday exhibited the Anti-Saloon League's strength, but no less clearly the foolish tactics of its opponents. Only a wonderfully organized and well-supported campaign could drive the saloon out of nineteen or twenty counties where, but a few years ago, scarcely any sentiment against liquor was visible. Yet not even shrewdness and money could have accomplished so much, if the enemy had been moderately clever. Nothing could be more puerile, though, than the liquor dealers' campaign tricks. They choose as their prize stump-speaker the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," who gave humorous talks. Then, too, the State was flooded with huge postal cards explaining that the Anti-Saloon League is controlled by Rockefeller, who hopes to use it as a cat's paw to seize the Federal Government. Such wild tales insult the voter's intelligence and make him believe that the saloon-keeper has not a leg to stand on.

The regular semi-annual crisis in our relations with Central America seems to be coming to a head. It follows on the regular bi-monthly internal crisis in Central America. This time the quarrel is with Nicaragua, and, of course, on the immemorial subject of an American citizen's property vs. government confiscation. Concerning our rights in the matter there can scarcely be any question. The Emery claim is not a claim at all, in the sense that it waits for adjudication. Nicaragua agreed to arbitrate our government's demands, and, displeased by the outcome, insists that the arbitration be rearbitrated. The ordinary rules of political consistency or logic scarcely run in Central America, and this country would be at fault if it forgot that infinite patience is necessary in dealing with these weak-willed peoples of the tropics. Yet there is a point where compliance must stop. It is bad for the Central Americans themselves. Zelaya, having defied the United States successfully, finds it quite natural to start playing the little Napoleon within Central America. Fortunately, this country is now in a position where it may speak out firmly without giving those restless republics ground for serious recrimination. Our understanding with Mexico wards off the charge of selfish motives. To our good offices and Mexico's the Central Americans have appealed before this.

Admiral Cervera will long remain in naval history as a striking example of devotion to duty on the part of a man in chief command, without a single illusion about the possibility of success. From the moment he sailed from Spain till the final catastrophe at Santiago, there was no time when Cervera did not look forward to fated defeat. His letters and dispatches to the Spanish government made it clear all along that he understood perfectly the deficiencies of his ships, and the certainty that he would be crushed by superior forces. In fact, so cogent was his exposition of the matter that the dilatory officials at Madrid were finally impressed to the point of cabling to him at Martinique that he might return to Spain, if he thought it wise; and only the failure to deliver this message left Cervera to go on his way under his original instructions. For a man thus feeling himself dedicated to disaster, he displayed a serenity and greatness of soul which even his enemies could not but admire. It must have been harder for him to endure captivity in this country, than it had been to go through the blaze and roar of his hopeless naval battle; but here, too, he bore himself with exquisite nobility. His was truly a rare character, formed in large moulds.

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The Socialists in the Belgian Parliament are conducting an energetic campaign against evil conditions in the Congo. M. Vandervelde's speech of last week, in condemnation of the system of forced labor, continues the attack begun some time ago against the government's action in the case of the Upper Congo and Great Lakes Railway Company. This company was organized in 1902 and received a concession of some 4,000,000 hectares of land and forest for ninety-nine years. The government shares in the profits were derived from exploitation of the land concession. On that ground, a royal order was issued last January, declaring that the railway was a public utility which justified the "recruitment" of 2,575 men during the current year. The negroes are recruited by raiding expeditions which destroy the villages and bring the men back in chains. In that condition they are set to work on the railway, finding probable solace for their sufferings in the thought that the government speaks of them as *travailleurs salariés*, "salaried laborers." Their "contracts" run for five years. The nominal pay is 21 centimes (four cents) a day. The Socialists have maintained that the railway is not a "public utility" in the sense that it should be made to justify a system of practical slavery. M. Vandervelde asked what had become of a number of natives sent to work in certain mines in 1905. "They are not all dead," said the Colonial Minister. The situation is deplorable. Yet there is this important gain: that Congo misrule is no longer hidden from the world by Leopold's agents, but is criticised openly in the Parliament of a civilized people.

Paris now has a scare of its own. It may not be so big as England's naval scare, or the general Balkan panic recently deceased, but domestic insurrection is bad enough. That France is in such imminent danger of a proletarian insurrection as part of the Parisian press would have it, is open to strong doubt. From mere expediency, the workers are bound to keep the peace. The recent vote in the Chambers showed an enormous majority in support of the government's refusal to grant state employees the right to strike. The leaders of the proletariat are not fools. They must recognize how united the country would be in the face of any move against domestic order. The leaders of the workingmen are not even exceptionally hot-headed. Hot-tongued they are, in part, but not much more so than the conservative press, which has fallen into the habit of describing every petty strike, a waiters' strike or the strike of five hundred electricians, as the prelude to social revolution. If it be true that the state employees are affiliating themselves with the General Confederation of Labor, the situation may be serious. But we have yet to learn whether that report is true. Until very recently these two elements stood in no friendly relations. It seems very doubtful whether the state's employees will rise against the bourgeois, for the simple reason that they are themselves, in great part, bourgeois.

THE TARIFF'S FIRST STAGE.

It now seems certain that the Payne bill will pass the House this week. Under the special rule adopted on Monday there is opportunity for amendments which the Ways and Means Committee may offer, and separate votes on a few schedules are to be permitted; the rest of the bill is to be put through, as all tariff bills are put through the House, under closure. Thus the first step will have been taken, although, in tariffs, it is not usually the first step that costs. The next and more costly step will be taken by the Senate; then will come the struggle in conference between the two houses. After that, the President may have something to say. The final verdict will lie with the people.

When Lord North saw the India Bill of his day, he described it as "a good receipt to knock up an Administration." In the Payne bill as it stands to-day, there are several vicious features which ought to be enough to knock up the party or the Administration that would father or deliberately retain them. All tariffs have their pet abominations. The McKinley bill outrages were numerous, and we know what a political revolt they provoked. There would probably have been as marked a revolt against the Dingley bill, had not Bryan been there to prevent any Democratic movement in opposition to any Republican policy from being effective. Of the Payne bill, two schedules have been singled out for special reprobation. These are the duties on gloves and on stockings. Other items in the bill may be as bad, or worse. We ourselves think the woollen schedules far more pernicious. But the women of the country, particularly in the West, have risen in protest against greatly increased taxes that are threatened upon articles of which they are the main consumers. In Chicago, over 300,000 women have signed a forcible remonstrance against the higher duties on gloves and hosiery. The movement is spreading from city to city, and invading the rural districts as well. It will be noted that the Iowa Republicans in the House refused to assent to the rule, on the express ground that it did not permit a separate vote on the glove and hosiery schedules. These country Representatives, far from the influence or terrorism of importers, evidently fear that political vengeance will be taken on them unless they come to the relief of the aroused women.

That these particular taxes, as they now stand in the Payne bill, are wholly indefensible, we think that no one who looks disinterestedly into the facts can question. In these two cases, the Ways and Means Committee apparently fell into the hapless old fashion of allowing manufacturers to make their own unstifted statements about the conditions of the trade, and write their own clauses in the tariff bill. For example, the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers appeared at the tariff hearings with a request for increased duties. Several affidavits were submitted on the subject of labor cost, all of them asserting that "there is no material difference between the wages paid for the same kind of work in the different sections of the United States." How much this is worth may be guessed when we find two manufacturers from the same city swearing, one that he pays 65 cents as labor cost of a dozen pairs of stockings, and the other $1.02 for the same article. Yet with such discrepancies and improbabilities glaring at them, the members of the Committee allowed these affiants to make solemn oath regarding the labor cost of stockings in Germany, giving figures which have since been officially declared to be false and misleading. And the increase in duties was credulously granted: on the lowest grade, from 68 per cent. to 89; on the second, from 58 to 76; on the next, from 51 to 66; and on the highest

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grade, from 59 to 70. This in a revision which was to be "downwards"!

The question of increased duties on women's gloves is ably discussed in a letter by Senator Culberson in the Washington *Post*. He shows how the Ways and Means Committee almost literally complied with every demand made by ex-Congressman Littauer. Littauer was the interested party, yet all his statements were taken as gospel truth, wide of the fact though many of them are easily shown to be. Senator Culberson demonstrates from census bulletins that the assertions of Littauer respecting wages paid were grossly inaccurate. Yet this manufacturer and influential politician was practically allowed to write the glove schedules to put money into his own pocket, the duties being advanced on the average not far from 100 per cent. And the dispatches report Mr. Littauer as being uncommonly active last Monday in the Speaker's room and elsewhere, to prevent a separate vote in the House on his precious gloves.

No one supposes that the President, representing the national interest, can be satisfied to see these most offensive remains of protection in the Payne bill. Doubtless he hopes that they will be stricken out, either in the Senate or in conference. But Mr. Taft should have it distinctly in mind that it may be necessary for him to speak out against the extreme forms of selfishness and shamelessness in the Payne bill, if he really desires to see those curses removed.

OFFICE-HOLDERS IN POLITICS.

The report of a special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, on the activity of Federal office-holders in politics, has been taken by some as a whitewashing of the last administration. It is not that, in either intention or effect. The committee, it is true, paid a good deal of attention to the use of government employees in the last Presidential campaign, and it is also the fact that it exonerates President Roosevelt from the charge of having technically violated the civil-service rules. These relate, formally, to the political activities of men in the classified service. It was, however, the unclassified officials—the men holding the higher Federal offices, postmasters, collectors, marshals, and the like—about whose pernicious activity in politics there was scandal last year. On that particular question, the committee has gathered precise evidence bearing out common knowledge; and the chief aim of its report is to show both how great the mischief is and the urgent need of its removal.

A comparison of the roll of the Chicago Convention with the government Blue Book, establishes the fact that at least one delegate in ten was a Federal office-holder. In the Southern delegations, the proportion was much higher: every third man was a government employee. Out of the 22 delegates from Alabama, 16 were office-holders; of the 10 from Florida, 7 were on the Federal salary list. It is easy to say that all this is no novelty; that the Republican party in the South being what it has been for many years, such a lining up of the animals at the crib, to vote at the orders of the master of the crib, is inevitable. Whatever the explanation, the thing is an outrage and a danger. The committee is well within bounds in saying:

> Any one made familiar with these facts cannot fail to see the menace to free elections and popular nominations in this great office-holding machine, controlling under ordinary circumstances the balance of power in a national convention and subject to possible dictation by the President as the chief executive. Not to so use it implies strength of will to resist great temptation.

The abuse goes much deeper than this, however, and the committee of the Civil Service Reform League follows the evil further. It is not simply with a partisan offence that we are dealing, but an attack upon the efficiency of government. The unchecked activity in politics of the higher officials robs the people of the services for which they are paid. An official who has to spend so much of his time in looking after the party organization, and in rounding up voters for primaries and "getting the delegates" at any cost, cannot give himself intelligently to the work of administration. In fact, the majority do not. It is the deliberate assertion of this committee, after due inquiry:

> Except in the departments at Washington and a few other places, the larger offices in the unclassified service might be left vacant, and the service would be as efficiently performed as now.

That is, the real work is done by the classified subordinates. Take that collector of internal revenue in Kentucky who has been holding his commission for four years, but during three of those years has been away from his office—though faithfully drawing his salary—and it is plain that not he but somebody else is seeing to it that the revenue laws are enforced. So it is with the average Presidential postmaster, the surveyors, collectors, and marshals: they habitually neglect their government work to attend to their political jobs. To employ them and pay them out of public money is, therefore, a gross case of waste and extravagance. The viciousness of the procedure could be no more evident if an old suggestion of ours were adopted, and two men appointed to every Federal office—one to attend strictly to its business, and the other to have the party glory and to do the party dirty work.

Remedies urged by the committee require both legislation and executive action. The law of 1883 ought so to be amended that the offices which can be filled only with "the advice and consent" of the Senate, may also be placed in the classified service, in which political activity is forbidden. Of course, a resolute President could make such officers keep their hands off the machine, even as it is. Mr. Roosevelt did so in theory; in practice, the results are what the committee sets forth—Federal officers running the party, in many States, and swarming in conventions. It is natural, then, that the committee should call for "a clearer definition and strengthening of the provision of the executive order governing political activity in the unclassified service." It ought to be made, instead of a dead letter, a living determination. In addition, the committee demands better methods of appointment, especially by promotion from within the service, instead of putting at the head of important offices protégés of Representatives and Senators, entirely unfamiliar with the duties of the position, and often wholly unfitted for their discharge.

It may not have occurred to the members of this committee that they are furnishing a powerful argument for direct primaries. Yet no one can glance at their picture of the way in which conventions are run, stuffed with dummy delegates dishonestly elected, without seeing how great a gain would come from legally guarded primaries, in which the voters could declare directly

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for the men and measures of their choice. If such a system were established and put honestly into operation, much of the political occupation of our office-holding Othellos would be gone. Primary reform would thus supplement and aid civil-service reform.

THE PRAISE OF ECONOMY.

The air is filled just now with talk of economy—strictly theoretical. Every man is willing that every other man should economize. Government officials are setting their faces against extravagance, and railroad men like Mr. Harriman are calling for as great an economy in the administration of public affairs as is insisted upon by railway managers. The story goes that the new Secretary of the Treasury is appalled at the evidences of lavish and needless expense which confront him in Washington, and has said: "It ought to be possible to run one respectable government on what is wasted here." Whether this be true or not, the era of praise of economy has plainly set in. The nation's sentiments on that subject are correct and laudable, whatever its practice may be. No Congressional orator gets more applause to-day than the man who denounces a governmental spendthrift policy, and calls for rigid economy. Yet he does this, knowing in his heart that what the old parliamentarian said is true: "If you want to get a cheer in the House of Commons, make a speech in praise of economy; if you want to rouse opposition and encounter certain defeat, move to effect any particular economy."

Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, admits the alarming increase in public expenditure, but asserts with much truth that "the two primary causes have been, first, the popular and executive demands; and, second, the abnormal and unnecessary war expenditures in time of peace." The first cause is as much a national obsession as the last. It is undoubtedly true that a mighty appeal comes up to Congress from the people every year to spend more money. Take the mere matter of pensions. The nation is paying about $160,000,000 a year for that purpose, yet for every worthy veteran who dies, two suspicious or fraudulent claimants solicit Congressmen to get them on the roll. Look at the rising flood of private pension bills, and the method of passing them by wholesale, which has been devised. These measures are all for the benefit of men and women who are not pensionable under the general laws, and whose cases are, therefore, likely to be without desert, when not tainted by fraud. Here would seem to be a splendid place for messieurs the economizers to begin. But nothing of the kind is seen. These wasteful drains on the Treasury are popular. Able-bodied men in the backwoods of Maine will speak complacently of the amount they "draw" from Washington. "Abner, he draws $17 a month, and they dew say that Senator Hale has promised to shove him up to $23." With this spirit abroad in the land, one sees how much real popular backing there is for public economy. It is praised in the abstract, but in the concrete nobody wants it.

The unhappy significance of the phrase, "forced to economize," is proof enough of the unpopularity of the process. Gay young squanderers may alternate miserliness with high living, and regard it, with Thackeray's Philip, as a kind of joke to live for a time on a few sous a day. But for the father of a family, a man of affairs, to be compelled to cut down expenses is always irksome. He hides the fact, if he can, as he is ashamed to let it be known that he has been living beyond his means. That spirit of the citizens is bound to make itself felt in the government. The bigger the panic, the bigger the appropriations: such appears to have been the motto of Congress. And President Roosevelt hit off perfectly the general taste and standards when he said in his last annual message that the country had, during his Administration, never had to deny itself anything that it wanted. There is about that a smack of contentment with wealth which is very general. As a nation, we feel that we have much goods laid up for many years, and have need of nothing—of economy, least of all.

We speak of this public tendency in order to show how great are the difficulties in the way of frugal national finance. The statesman who sets out to establish such a policy goes against the tide, and too often will have to say with the poet that for a long time he strove against the stream, but strove in vain. Success is not possible unless it be remembered that it is policy which makes expenditure. Minor savings can be effected here and there in routine matters of administration: useless offices can be abolished, and idle clerks cumbering the departments can be weeded out: but no great and satisfactory reductions can be made in governmental outlay except by a change in governmental policy. If we were, for example, to alter our military policy, we could easily save $100,000,000 a year. If any one will assure us that such an altered policy is probable, we will tell him whether economies are probable.

One other change in the posture of government may make for economy. We mean a divided party control. The historic example is the Democratic House, in 1875-79, with a Republican Senate and President. Under the lead of Samuel J. Randall, the House put the knife so deep into the budget that savings of from $50,000,000 to $80,000,000 a year were made. The total of the appropriations actually sank, instead of showing that steady and ominous rise with which we are painfully familiar. A political motive entered, no doubt, into this economizing. Democrats wanted to prove the truth of their charge that the Republicans were spendthrifts. But political motives always affect political expenditures. If we were to have a Democratic House after next year, there can be no doubt that it would set about cutting down the appropriations. The object would be partly to show that the Democrats were more economical than their opponents, and partly to keep Republicans in the government service from having so much money to spend. This shows us the reverse side of party responsibility. We are accustomed to say that it is well to have one party in charge of all branches of the government, and then demand an accounting of its stewardship. But while that may make for a consistent policy, it does not make for economy. Under undisputed Republican supremacy for the past twelve years, public expenditure has gone up much more rapidly than would have been the case had we seen an occasional Democratic House to hold the purse-strings.

END OF THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Austria has declared herself satisfied with Servia's note of humble submission. The final balance has been struck in a complicated account which began when the Sultan's power went down

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before the Young Turks last summer. The critical period may be reckoned from the beginning of last October, when almost simultaneously Bulgaria proclaimed her independence and Austria announced the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. During these six months Europe has been almost weekly on the verge either of a great war or peaceful solution. But the remarkable feature has been that the most serious danger arose from a phase of the matter which, at the beginning, would have been pronounced the least threatening of all. If hostilities had broken out between Turkey and Bulgaria over the question of suzerainty or indemnity, the reason would apparently have been valid. If Turkey had fallen afoul even of Austria, the same reason would have held, namely, that the new régime in Turkey could better afford to wage an unsuccessful war than to meet the charge that it was sanctioning the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Yet Turkey's quarrels with Bulgaria and with Austria were settled, involving though they did the surrender of legal rights. After all, Austria had held Bosnia for thirty years, and it was pretty well understood that she was to keep it permanently. That she would surrender the province to any one but Turkey was absurd. The real menace, it turned out, consisted in what the outsider would regard as Servia's rather vague national aspirations.

The danger came because the quarrel between Austria and Servia tended to take on a far broader character. For Austria read Austria and Germany. For Servia read Russia, with her old ally, France, and her new friend, Great Britain. The supposedly historic conflict between Teuton and Slav for the open road to Constantinople was regarded as entering on a new stage. When Servia threatened war, was she really bent on a heroic feat of hara-kiri, or was she counting on the sure assistance of Russia? When Austria made preparations for mobilizing a half-million troops, was she really panic-stricken by the chance of an attack from Servia, or was she making ready against Russia? While winter made campaigning impossible, diplomacy had a free field. Then Servia might be aggressive, Russia might be warm in support of her, and France and England might play the anxious intermediaries. The alternations of hope and despair were just the thing to make three or four months pass. Insults and provocations might be exchanged without great danger. But when spring came, a season that seems to have an exceptionally stirring effect on the Balkan fighting blood, Austria had it in her power to bring the matter to a sharp conclusion. Having a good deal to gain by persistence, and all her prestige to lose by backing down, she might speak war and mean it. Then it would be for the anti-Austrian Powers, and especially for Russia, to decide whether Servia's claims were worth the risk of war. Report has it that the question was put sharply to Russia, and that St. Petersburg decided no.

The outcome has been a victory for Austrian and German influence, and a diplomatic defeat for the Western Powers and Russia. France and Great Britain were undoubtedly sincere in working for peace in the Balkans. Yet great Powers do not work without the hope of ultimate advantage to themselves. To check Austrian aspirations, if even in part, would be to add another victory to those Great Britain and France have been winning recently over German diplomacy. But the Western Powers found Russia but a reed to lean upon. France especially must be discomfited to have her ally won away from her. This is the second time the French have vainly counted on the Russian alliance. In 1905 Russia was so helplessly crippled that the Kaiser might with impunity dictate terms to France in the matter of Delcassé and Morocco. In 1909, Russia is still too weak to be useful if it came to extremes. Frenchmen must now be asking themselves what this Russian alliance to which they have been clinging as a rock of safety is really worth. André Tardieu, in his recent lectures in this country (collected in a volume entitled "France and the Alliances"), tried to show how vital to France's safety was her understanding with Russia. He argues that the security which the Republic has enjoyed for the last fifteen years is based on that chiefly. But the value of an alliance that breaks down in crises may be questioned. The only fact that cannot be questioned is that Russia has profited by the alliance to the extent, Mr. Tardieu estimates, of $2,500,000,000 in French money.

When the conference to revise the Treaty of Berlin meets, if it does meet, it will find little else to do but to ratify what the Powers have settled upon by direct negotiation. Yet it would be an error to adopt the cynical view that the Balkan crisis has proved that treaties and peace have their only sanction in armies and battleships. It must be repeated that Austria's title to Bosnia-Herzegovina was far better than Servia's, and good as territorial titles go. England rules Egypt under no better claim. That the matter should have been settled without recourse to arms is an unmistakable tribute to the world's growing dread of war.

THE BIBLE AS LITERARY MODEL.

An English periodical, *Sunday at Home*, recently sought the opinion of leading scholars and writers concerning "the most magnificent passage in the Bible." Naturally, the prophets, especially Isaiah, ranked highest in the lists. The 40th chapter of Isaiah was a favorite with many: Canon Driver coupled it with the 38th and 39th chapters of Job. William Watson, too, voted for Isaiah, though he thought David's lament for Jonathan "the most perfect elegy in all literature," and the song of Deborah and Barak "the most superb expression of the intoxication of triumph." Indeed, Mr. Watson is a strong admirer of the Bible on its literary side, going so far as to say that "every kind of literary magnificence is supremely exemplified in the Bible." Such tributes to the Bible as literature have long been common. Macaulay's praise of the passage in Romans, beginning, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" is typical. It may be difficult for the critic to clear his judgment of inbred or remembered emotion, in passing upon the style of the Bible. How much of the response which he finds himself making to the appeal of certain Biblical passages is due to a calm estimate, and how much to the awe and mystery which were associated with the sacred words in childhood, and still cling to them indissolubly? But making every allowance, there can be no question of the sincerity of those expert in English—authors and teachers and amateurs—who are enthusiastic over the literary glories of the English Bible. Yet these may be admitted and held to the heart without conceding all that is often urg-

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ed, even by college teachers, in behalf of the Bible as a model of style.

For winged words, for verbal felicity, for phrases that have passed into the life-blood of English literature, we must, of course, go on sending our youth to the Bible. It is doubtless a great quickener of the imagination. As an introducer of young minds to majesty of thought and expression, to the sense of mystery, to grandeur of soul, all that is asserted for it by enthusiastic teachers may be readily granted. But when we talk of literary models, we do not mean only those for poets and prophets. We do not expect all our young men and women to learn to write in the grand style. It is the simpler qualities of good composition of which they are most in need, and for those it is a mistake to commend the Bible so highly and universally as some college authorities do. If, for example, we were asked in what kinds of writing it is most desirable that the generation now coming upon the stage should acquire skill, we should say in orderly exposition of complex matters, in close and sound reasoning, in accurate description. Yet in none of these things does the Bible excel.

It is to put no slight upon the genius of the Hebrews who wrote the Bible to say that their talents did not lie in the directions we have just mentioned. Their work was other and higher, but not that. Yet what can be more important, to-day, than for a young lawyer or newspaper man, to be able to take a vast and intricate subject, having to do with public business, and tear the heart out of it? What other form of mastery is more necessary than that of condensed and clear explanation of tangled masses of fact? One has but to recall Gov. Hughes's extraordinary powers of that sort in order to see what they signify. Yet the man who took the Bible alone for his literary guide, would get little aid in meeting this most indispensable need of a modern writer. That kind of thing simply is not to be encountered in the Scriptures. To find examples of this ability to marshal facts and compel figures to yield up their meaning, we must go to one of the Indian orations of Burke, or a budget-speech by Gladstone, or the legal argument of a man like the new Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, before the Alaska arbitration court.

We spoke above of convincing argumentation, and minutely correct description, as objects which the instructor in writing should constantly have in mind. Here, too, but small help will come to him from the hills of the Bible. Its forte is not powerful reasoning of the kind that appeals to the modern intellect. The Epistle to the Romans has been said to be logic set on fire with emotion, but, to judge by the number and variety of commentaries, the fire burned up many of the links of the logic. Nor is close observation and accurate picturing of either man or nature congenial to the spirit of the Biblical writers. They are vague, suggestive, leaving dim outlines to be filled up; they do not have that intense gaze at the fact, and that photographic fidelity in reproducing it in language, which add so much to the best writing to-day.

The case is still clearer if we press on to questions of literary structure. There are, of course, splendid passages in the Bible, built up with something better than fine artistry; but, in general, the style—we are not speaking of the words or the thought—is the unskilled writing of untrained men. The message may be all-important but its outward form is not carefully wrought—not a style, in a word, which anybody should be set to imitate. This is perfectly natural, and as it should be. It is really no more startling than the fact, so long a scandal to some good souls, that the Greek of the New Testament is not up to Attic standards. The translation of the language of fishermen and artisans, into however glorious an English verbal dress, could not be, if faithful to the original structure, distinguished for literary workmanship. Consider what long tracts in the New Testament consist of verse after verse, and sentence after sentence, beginning with "and." It is a style perfectly fitting the simple men who first used it; it is not a style which any man seeking literary distinction would dream of sedulously aping. In many such respects, we think, they are on the wrong track who prescribe the Bible as a complete literary model.

GREAT ART AND SMALL SUBJECTS.

Italy's recent catastrophe has thus far failed to inspire the poet or the painter. A solitary sonnet in one of the magazines is all the literary tribute America has brought to one of the most tremendous events in history; and in that sonnet the element of inspiration is not conspicuous. When San Francisco was destroyed three years ago, it seemed that California's poets, many in number and in spirit aspiring, had the subject and the stimulus for the production of an ambitious piece of imaginative art. But San Francisco has been left to the newspaper man and the magazine writer; and her young poets, instead of attempting epics of destruction and rebirth, have emigrated to New York, where they write about the traditional birds, flowers, love, and human brotherhood. We are, to be sure, too near the event. Art, for all its pretensions to reality, is dwarfed when it comes too close to the reality it would commemorate or portray. We should wait a half-century at least after San Francisco and Messina, before we pronounce them barren of artistic result. Yet the chances are against us, even after fifty years. Lisbon earthquake has left us only a poem by Voltaire, which is remembered chiefly as a poem that would have been forgotten but for its subject. Pliny's account of Vesuvius is, after all, only an account of Vesuvius. Review earth's great catastrophes—earthquake, fire, flood, invasion, and plague—and see what comparatively slight impress these convulsions have left upon literature and art.

We turn to the opposite case. An undistinguished young gentleman named Edward King dies, and the fruit of his death is "Lycidas." Another young Englishman named Arthur Hallam dies, and the result is "In Memoriam." The dead Duke of Wellington is the subject of a fine ode, but a young and unappreciated poet named Keats is the subject of a much greater poem. Not the battle of Hastings, or Marston Moor, or Trafalgar, has wakened the poet's fancy as the obscure fight between two bands of border ruffians at Chevy Chase. Westminster Abbey has evoked no such permanent tribute as the neglected tombstones of Gray's old country churchyard. Men have faced death and gone away uninspired, but a journeyman tinker is thrown into a commonplace jail and he writes the "Pilgrim's Progress." What is regarded as the greatest of biographies was composed by Boswell, about a highly distinguished literary figure but by no means one of the world's greatest men. Two of the world's nature classics were written neither on

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CARNEGIE BRANCH

the wrath of the Atlantic storm nor on the glory of the Himalayas, but in a small English garden at Selborne and by an enthusiastic fisherman named Izaak Walton.

Let us suppose that, two or three hundred years from now, a European poet sets himself to writing a series of tragedies drawn from the history of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Would he choose the fall of Napoleon? Or the crimes and vicissitudes of the Court of St. Petersburg? Or the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs? If he is a mediocre poet, the chances are that he will; for the mediocre poets at all times have been fond of imposing topics. But if he is a poet who feels within him the power to give greatness to things of comparatively small importance, he might go to none of Europe's ancient imperial houses, but to insignificant and little-known Servia. The struggle that has been going on in that tiny kingdom for nearly a hundred years between the rival houses of Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch, the long succession of royal crownings and depositions, of intrigue and treachery and murder, would supply him with the elements of a tragedy that it would depend only on his own power to raise to the height of universal art. There is a strong likeness between modern Belgrade and ancient Mycenæ. The sanguinary struggle between the descendants of Kara George and of Milosh, the swineherd, has scarcely less inherent dignity than the blood-guilt and madness that raged in the house of Pelops. Yet what a golden literature has gathered about the history of Agamemnon and his children, a small chieftain and his family in an obscure corner of the world, at a time when great empires flourished on the Euphrates, on the Nile, and in the Mediterranean.

Scarcely more important than Agamemnon was the Scandinavian monarch who ruled at Elsinore. Scarcely more important was the Scottish chieftain who was not content to be thane of Glamis and Cawdor. Surely, these two, Hamlet's kingdom and Macbeth's, were far below the empire that Julius Cæsar ruled. Yet the respective prominence of these three royal persons scarcely measures the respective merit of Shakespeare's three tragedies.

A MODERN RADICAL.

I.

The recent publication of G. Lowes Dickinson's "Justice and Liberty"* confirms the opinion of those who have read his earlier works that here is a radical thinker to be reckoned with—a man of penetrating mind and a style that is wonderfully flexible, persuasive, and at times eloquent.

He is son of the artist, Lowes Dickinson, who died last year at an advanced age. His education was obtained at Charterhouse and King's College, Cambridge, from which he received the bachelor's degree in 1884. The list of his books is still short: "From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution" (1891), "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France" (1892), "The Development of Parliament During the Nineteenth Century" (1895), "The Greek View of Life" (1896), "The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue" (1901), "Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization" (1901), "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast" (1905), "A Modern Symposium" (1905), and "Justice and Liberty." "Is Immortality Desirable," announced for this spring, is presumably in substance the Ingersoll Lecture which he delivers at Harvard this month.

I need not discuss at length Mr. Dickinson as a stylist, for the qualities of his writing, show sufficiently in the citations to be made later. His first book, it may be worth noting, is partly in blank verse. Here Mr. Dickinson exhibits his powers no less than his boldness in putting into the mouth of Milton nearly two pages which must be judged as a not unsuccessful effort to shoot with the bow of Ulysses. Quite as daring is the form of three of Mr. Dickinson's books, "The Meaning of Good," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty," which are nothing less than Platonic dialogues. There have been countless attempts in all modern European languages to cast discussion into this difficult mould, but the successes may almost be numbered on one's fingers. In this small list of those who have steered through this strait of Scylla and Charybdis we must place—for present-day readers at least—Mr. Dickinson.

The Platonic dialogue seems a peculiarly happy medium for Mr. Dickinson; for his themes, as the titles of these books indicate, are those which engaged Plato. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson has given us not merely "A Modern Symposium," but "A Modern Republic." In current terms and under twentieth-century conventions, he analyzes the age-old problems that are fundamental to the conduct of individuals and of states. The conceptions involved in the word "good," the relations of man to man, religion, the church, marriage, the rights of property, castes and classes, aristocracy and democracy—these are the subjects of his searching criticism. Nor is it by accident that so keen a thinker has been so interested in the Greek view of life and has drawn his inspiration so largely from Greece. In this place and hour of the triumph of utilitarian studies, we are prone to reckon only that knowledge as fruitful which may quickly be translated into bread and butter. We talk glibly of discarding classical culture because it is of no help in running our foundries and building aeroplanes. But then comes a writer like Mr. Dickinson to remind us that man shall not live by foundries alone; that in spite of the visible bulk and apparent efficiency of our machinery the force that drives the human race forward is not steam or electricity, but ideas; and that to get ideas we must go back to one of the great perennial fountains.

In his mental attitude, as well as in the topics which he discusses, Mr. Dickinson may also be called a Platonist; that is, he aims at what Matthew Arnold terms "a free play of the mind" on our stock notions and prejudices. He is not afraid to be called a destructive critic; for he perceives that the distinction between destructive and constructive criticism is not real, but verbal; that the first step toward erecting a firm structure on the desired site is to raze the flimsy one. "A sound intellectual foundation," he tells us, cannot be reached "except through criticism, and all criticism implies and engenders doubt":

> A man who has never experienced, nay, I will say who is not constantly reiterating, the process of criticism, is a man who has no right to his enthusiasm. For he has won it at the cost of drugging his mind with passion; and that I maintain is a bad and wrong thing. I maintain it to be bad and wrong in itself, and quite apart from any consequences it may produce; for it is a primary duty to seek what is true and eschew what is false ("A Modern Symposium," p. 63).

One need not accept all of Mr. Dickinson's doctrines; but, accepted or not, they set one to thinking. They help one to see some of the mal-adjustments and inequalities in this best possible of worlds. They reveal glimpses of profound principles of government. It is, in short, with the fine spirit of the philosopher that Mr. Dickinson approaches his inquiry as to the welfare of the state—the philosopher whom Plato describes as "a believer in the idea" and "a lover of the vision of truth."

II.

Mr. Dickinson's religious theories may be found in *obiter dicta* here and there, but summed up most clearly in the little volume "Religion." In his

**Justice and Liberty*: A Political Dialogue. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

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early work, "The Greek View of Life," he drops one or two pregnant phrases which bring us close to the core of his doctrine: "that passion to transcend the limitations of human existence which is at the bottom of the mystic element in all religions" (p. 31); and "this fundamental dualism . . . is the perpetual tragedy of man's existence—. . . the conception of life as a struggle between two opposing principles, and the promise of an ultimate redemption by the help of the divine power" (pp. 31, 32).

Mr. Dickinson's formal discussion is divided into four chapters: "Ecclesiasticism," "Revelation," "Religion," and "Faith." By ecclesiasticism he means "religion as embodied in a church"; and by a church, "an organization which claims to be the depository of a truth otherwise inaccessible to the human reason." An ecclesiastical religion is the kind "that people commonly intend when they assert that religion is essential to society." But the "fatal flaw" of ecclesiasticism is this:

> Just so far as it is calculated to support an existing order, just so far is it compelled to perpetuate abuses; for every conviction that repudiates reason repudiates also criticism, and therefore reformation (pp. 12-15).

That is, ecclesiasticism prevents that free play of the mind, which in Mr. Dickinson's view is the one vital thing.

Since ecclesiasticism rests on revelation, the question arises, "What kind of truth it is that is supposed to be communicable by revelation and not communicable by other methods?" Taking first what appear to be historical facts, Mr. Dickinson asks whether there is "a short-cut to those particular pieces of information, such as would certainly be repudiated in the case of any other historical events." Intelligent men, he answers, hold that "the truth of the story of the life and death of Christ must stand or fall by the ordinary criteria of evidence, then that the whole question is removed from the sphere of revelation to that of history." But when questions of historical fact are handed over to science, there remain still "the most important truths of religion: the existence and nature of God and His relation to the world." Here the difficulty arises that there have been many revealed religions, and many persons have enjoyed what they are convinced are revelations. "So far as the element of subjective certainty is concerned, a religious revelation cannot be distinguished from what would be admitted to be the hallucinations of disease"; and we must therefore "find our criterion of truth and falsehood somewhere else than in subjective certainty." Furthermore:

> Once it is admitted that religious truth is attainable, if at all, only by the method of science, it must be conceded also that the notion of a church with a revelation of divine truth is as absurd as the notion of a mathematical society with a revelation of mathematical truth. Truth, of whatever kind it be, may originate anywhere and be communicable anywhere (p. viii).

But still Mr. Dickinson believes that there is a place and work for religion—"a reaction of the highest imagination of the best men upon life and the world." There are several attitudes which Mr. Dickinson would characterize as religious. For example, a person may "pursue, wherever it flees, the perishing image of Good, imprisoning it in a rule or a policy, impressing it on a fugitive act, . . . always from the consciousness of frustration drawing new vigor for the chase, snatching defiance from the sense of defeat, . . . from the very indifference of the universe gathering the inspiration to contend with it, and, though at last he be broken, perishing unsubdued." Again:

> Religion is an attitude of the imagination and the will, not of the intellect. But from the intellect it receives its light; and its discipline will be the more arduous, its insight the more profound, the more candidly it accepts all that the intellect can communicate (p. 57).

The phrase "imagination and the will" brings us to Mr. Dickinson's conception of faith. As to the ultimate meaning and purpose of the world and "the place of our ideals in the structure of the universe . . . the intellect has as yet been unable with certainty to determine anything." But Mr. Dickinson maintains that "in the midst of ignorance" we may legitimately lay hold "of a possibility that may be true," and direct "our feelings and our conduct in accordance with it." Thus "faith involves a volitional assumption that things, whatever appearances may suggest, are really 'worth while.'" If we had positive knowledge there would be no room for faith. On the other hand, we must never allow this faith, this volitional assumption, to pervert the pursuit of truth by "a predetermination that certain beliefs shall not be assailed":

> Faith, in a word, can only be legitimate so long as it occupies a region not yet conquered by knowledge, and so long as it holds itself ready in a moment to yield its place so soon as knowledge arrives. Faith should stand always with the dagger of science pointed at its breast (p. 82).

It is because there is the unknown that there is faith:

> For the impulse to pursue truth is itself a form of faith. We hope that truth is obtainable; we desire and will to attain it; we dream its attainment as we go in quest of it. And, but for that dream and that hope and that will we should never start at all. Faith is the sense and call of the open horizon. . . . The frailest thing we know, it is also the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world (p. 84).

III.

The religious man, in a passage quoted above, is said to pursue "the perishing image of Good." It is to the elucidation of this ethical ideal that Mr. Dickinson devotes his volume "The Meaning of Good." His aim is rather "to set forth the various points of view than finally to repudiate or endorse them"; and his conclusions are stated, not as a demonstration, but as the hypothesis which he thinks the most tenable. The argument is "that men who reflect do, whatever may be their theoretical opinion, imply, in their actual conduct, a belief in their ideas about Good; but that there seems to be no certainty that such ideas are true." The speakers then debate the propositions that "the criterion of Good is a simple infallible instinct"; that "the criterion is the course of Nature," "the end to which Nature is tending"; that the criterion is current convention; and finally that it is pleasure. It is unnecessary to summarize here the more or less familiar answers to these several contentions and the steps by which the idea is developed that "experience is, or may be made, a progressive discovery of Good." The speakers next examine the various activities of life from the point of view of Good. They attempt to analyze the Good we seek in art and in knowledge. The final suggestion is "that in our relation to other persons, where the relation takes the form of love [not, of course, in any narrow, physical sense] we may perhaps find something that comes nearer than any other of our experiences to being absolutely good"; that is, "the best love we know comes nearer than anything else to what we might conceive to be absolutely good."

But since love, so conceived, seems rarely, perhaps never, attainable in this life, this conception of Good, if it is to be realized, involves the idea of personal immortality:

> The last judgment of age, for those who believe that death is the end, will be a doubt, and perhaps more than a doubt, even in the case of those most favored by fortune, whether after all a life has been worth the trouble of living which has unfolded such infinite promise only to bury it fruitless in the grave (p. 201).

And here comes again, though in less fully developed form than in "Religion," Mr. Dickinson's appeal to faith. The speaker who represents science rules out immortality as "illegitimate," but the reply to this is that, though there is no scientific proof of immortality, there is also no proof that it is impossible; and one may accept it as a "postulate of the will." The book closes, like Plato's Republic, with an apologue of the life that lies beyond these earth-

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ly senses. And the lesson of the Vision of Eternity is this:

> It is in this intricate commerce of souls that we come nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest of which alone, as I believe, gives any significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure (p. 224).

IV.

"This intricate commerce of souls," a phrase which occurs on the last page of "The Meaning of Good," may be taken as a sort of clue to Mr. Dickinson's discussion of political and social questions. It is in that commerce that we may seek the Good, which lends significance and value to life. Thus it is that when he sees our political and social relationships a source not of affection, but of dissension and hatred, he casts about for such reorganization of society as shall

> render law
> A mere superfluous form, and poverty
> An idle hieroglyph whose sense is perished.

But just as in his criticism of our religion and our ethical standards he finds it easier to detect flaws than to form a coherent scheme of reconstruction, so in this field also he is more successful in attacking the existing order than in presenting a convincing outline for a new heaven and a new earth.

"The Greek View of Life" contains the germs of many of the ideas which are worked out in detail in "Letters from a Chinese Official," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty." He saw in Greece, as he sees in our states to-day, "an ordered inequality, political as well as social." Again:

> It was the underlying question of property that infused so strong a rancor into the party struggles of Greece. From the very earliest period, in fact, we find it to have been the case that political revolution was prompted by economic causes (p. 87).
>
> Such conditions . . . must have irresistibly suggested the criticism, which always dogs the idea of the state, and against which its only defence is in a perpetual perfection of itself—the criticism that law after all is only the rule of the strong, and justice the name under which they gloze their usurpation (p. 118).
>
> To provide for the excellence of a privileged class at the expense of the rest of the community is becoming to us increasingly impossible in fact and intolerable in idea (p. 185).

The perfection toward which the state must perpetually struggle is to be attained by adjusting the rights of property, by making law an embodiment of equity, justice a reality instead of a name, by abolishing privilege, and thus allaying that rancor which has made history "one long and lamentable tale of antagonism, tumult, carnage, and confusion," and which forbids the attainment of Good.

In "A Modern Symposium" and "Justice and Liberty" one cannot always tell which views are Mr. Dickinson's own. But from the way in which the conservative dogs get the worst of it, we may infer that in both books Henry Martin, the professor, "a perplexed inquirer socialistically inclined," fairly represents him. To his first point all intelligent men will assent—that no one can believe in the finality of the present order. "The history of man has been nothing but a process of transformation." Even "property and the family" cannot be regarded as "sacred and ultimate facts." The present laws of property are comparatively recent; they are altering before our very eyes. Nor are the regulations as to marriage fixed; they are constantly being amended. Mr. Dickinson would press for such changes in all our institutions as would shatter the power of the oligarchy of wealth which, he maintains, now rules the civilized world.

His picture of modern society, however true to conditions in England, is too highly colored for America, though the substratum of fact, even for the United States, is firmer than most of our glowing optimists will admit:

> Modern Society, as I see it, from top to bottom, is a descending hierarchy of oligarchic groups, each with its own peculiar privileges, for which it fights and in and by which it lives. Imagine society as a pyramid, . . . on each step, crowded together, a fighting, trampling mob of desperate men, bent, every one, above all, on enlarging his own space and making room for his children ("Justice and Liberty," pp. 29, 30).

Starting from this view of competition, the next conclusion is short and easy: "The law of inheritance and bequest, in the way in which it practically operates, is the great and indeed the only source of our permanent inequalities." Mr. Dickinson also attacks rent as "wealth not earned by the man who receives it"; and he would alter our whole theory of wages:

> As things are now, all the occupations that are most interesting, stimulating, and delightful, that employ the highest faculties, and are the most worth doing for their own sake, are, broadly speaking, the best paid; while those that are sordid, dreary, mechanical, dehumanising, hardly receive a living wage. . . . But in a society regulated by our principle, is it not clear that exactly the opposite will be the case? (p. 116).
>
> And with an equalization of the standards of life would go an equalization of manners. Anybody, whatever his occupation, would associate with anybody according to propinquity or personal attraction or whatever it might be. The dock-laborer would come home, put on dress clothes, and sit down to dinner to discuss the latest play or novel with the financier's wife (p. 187).

On the steps by which this ideal is to be reached I need not dwell; in essentials they are the same as those presented by other advocates of the collectivist state. It is, however, only fair to Mr. Dickinson to say that he does not attempt to convince the reader by elaborating, in the manner of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a programme of impossible details. He relies on the compelling attractiveness of his general ideal to persuade men to embrace it and slowly to realize it in a reorganized society; and he points to the progress of the past as prophecy of what may come. At first man was not "industrious, peaceful, intelligent, kindly, helpful," but "a hairy, biped brute, ignorant, cruel, superstitious, split into a thousand tribes and hordes, instinctively at feud." And yet this animal, within whom "the tiger and the wolf" still work so fiercely that "the nations heave and crack in the tension of the class conflict," is also "the child of a celestial father," sown into the womb of Nature "a spiritual seed":

> And history, on one side the record of man's entanglement in matter, on the other is the epic of his self-deliverance. All the facts, the dreadful facts, at which we have timidly hinted . . . are true. . . . But true also is the contest of which they are the symbol; . . . real of all things reallest, the ideal! Do not conceive it as an idea in somebody's head. No; ideas are traces it leaves, shadows, images, words; itself is the light, the fire, the tongue of which these are creatures. Poetry, philosophy, art, religion, what you will, are but its expressions; they are not It. Thought is a key to unlock its prison, words are a vessel to carry its seed. But it is Reality of Realities, fact of facts, force of forces. It refutes demonstration; it unsettles finality; it defies experience. While all men are crying "impossible," it has sped and done. Even in those who deny it, it lies a latent spark; let them beware the conflagration when the wind of the spirit blows (pp. 226, 227).

V.

"Justice and Liberty," then, and "A Modern Symposium" are a plea for the ideals of the spirit, and as such they are welcome, whether one believes in Socialism or not. Nothing can be more wholesome than to startle the dulled consciences of those who are much at ease in the Zion of this world. The most unbridled optimists must confess that the machinery of society "works roughly":

> It jerks and jams and sticks, it breaks threads and tears material; and every shock, every rupture, every retardation or acceleration operates in the substance of human lives. The groans and screams of that engine, as it jars on its ruthless course, come from the tortured lips of men and women (p. 164).

It is the agony of the disinherited to which Mr. Dickinson would open our minds—the wounds of those who are defeated in this long and bloody strife which we call the march of civilization. For gross and palpable as the fallacies of Socialism may appear to us, we must

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admit that, as Mr. Dickinson presents it, it is a spiritual movement, an appeal for the ending of this long warfare, for the establishment of brotherhood between nations, of brotherhood between classes, of brotherhood between men. The Socialists strike our cool rationalists as impracticable dreamers, but, at least, they dream of heaven.

The pity of it is that their splendid aspirations seem always to dash into fragments upon the ineradicable individuality of men. The argument against Mr. Dickinson's plan is as old as Aristotle's comment on Plato's Republic. I would not say that society has not made long advances and that the future has not even larger good in store. The overthrow of so venerable and stoutly defended an institution as slavery affords ground of faith for almost any reform that earnest and able men may unite in urging. We may look, indeed, for an era of experimentation in politics and for the growth of a public sentiment (expressed in a code of laws) which shall steadily tend to equalize opportunity. Nevertheless, within any period that our minds can grasp, we may still stop far short of the collectivist state. And if we ever attain it, it will not be the paradise that is fondly pictured. The French Revolution, despite all the glowing predictions of the radicals of that day, did not usher in the millennium. The rapid introduction of machinery in the last century, and the free competition and free trade which Cobden preached have not brought it. We are now in the very chill of reaction from those high and delirious fevers. We begin to understand that ingenious mechanical contrivances do not liberate the intellect and purify the heart. Under any system or organization of society, some men will be mean, sordid, grovelling, and essentially slaves, while others will burst their own shackles and assume the rights of leadership. Laws and customs, however, beneficent, will still fail to touch the profoundest springs of our action; it "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." And so I cannot but regard as illusory the beautiful hope that new laws for the production and distribution of wealth, the abolition of rent and interest, and a new wage-scale will pluck out by the roots the evils that afflict mankind. The eloquence of the prophets of the new dispensation and the efforts of humanitarians may do much to alleviate in general the lot of the race, but the wheels of society will continue to break and tear the fragile material, and the groans and screams of a wretched humanity will beat upon our ears; for wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, with their inescapable effects—all the contending forces of good and ill, now triumphant and now defeated, will, as ever, find their arena in the individual soul. L.

FRENCH BOOKS ON RELIGION

PARIS, March 25.

"Orpheus"—a single volume on the "general history of religions" from totems to Modernism, by Salomon Reinach (A. Picard)—has not escaped criticism in France, in spite of, perhaps because of, the author's erudition. It tabulates successive religions as so many natural phenomena. In temper it is distinctly Israelite, but without the lofty resentment of Christian persecution shown by James Darmesteter; and it is wanting in the philosophical learning which, with Munk, Adolphe Franck, Isidore Weil, and their school, lent so much lustre to Jewish letters in France. The book, particularly in its disproportionate Modernist part, seems intended to meet a narrowly specialized tendency of passing French thought. The treatment of St. Francis of Assisi, who, until proof of the contrary, should be considered a Roman Catholic, vacillates between that of Voltaire and that of the Protestant clergyman Paul Sabatier. In the present century Monseigneur d'Hulst, local administrator of a theological school, and the Abbé de Broglie, a popular expositor of religion, should not be taken as authorities, scarcely even as signs, of universal Catholic thought, to which they were little known. To confound religious practice in general with mysticism leads to error by neglecting the classic, well-defined, and logical distinctions: natural ethics; the ordinary Christian life, in which the will obeys teaching deliberately assented to by the intellect as revealed—*auctoritate Dei revelantis*—and ascetics, or the further active "exercise of Christian perfection"; whereas mystics pursue extraordinary and supernatural ways strange to ordinary Christians, in which they are supposed to be passive under the Divine illapse—*patiuntur divina*. The bibliography and index are valuable, but they answer to the point of view of a volume which begins with a dedication "to the memory of all the martyrs" and concludes with the ex-Abbé Loisy.

"La Méthode comparative dans l'histoire des religions" (A. Picard) is a small book by Georges Foucart, the unsuccessful competitor of M. Loisy for the professorship at the Collège de France. M. Foucart's personal defeat has nothing to do with the grievance of Catholics in the matter. The professorship itself was founded for Albert Réville, a Protestant clergyman who taught comparative religion after the methods of twenty-five years since; he was followed by his son, Jean Réville, whose death opened the chair to the recent election. Two candidates had already been debarred as Catholics from similar professorships: Brunetière in favor of the Protestant Abel Lefranc, who is now going to Harvard; and the Dominican Assyriologist Scheil for an unknown pupil. In each case Berthelot, although he had had his refutation of Brunetière's "bankruptcy of science," published from the Freemason Grand Orient, protested in the interests of science against this religious and political discrimination in the choice of professors for a national and historic institution of higher learning.

"Les Modernistes," by the Dominican Père Maumus, should be read with the Protestant Paul Sabatier's work criticising Pius X for refusing to allow Modernist changes in the faith by which Roman Catholics have so far lived and died. The friar has a reputation for liberalism, earned perhaps by Waldeck-Rousseau's late friendship; he treats the fundamental differences between Modernism and the Church in the compass of 276 pages (Beauchesne). Another Roman Catholic book of handy use is the first volume of the "Traité de philosophie scholastique," by E. Blanc, of the Catholic Faculty of Lyons (Vitte). It contains a much-needed vocabulary of scholastic and contemporary philosophy; the rest of the volume (logic and metaphysics) may be compared with the Stonyhurst series. Georges Michelet, professor at the Institut Catholique of Toulouse, publishes a considerable volume on "Dieu et l'agnosticisme contemporain" (Bibliothèque théologique). M. Jugie, an Assumptionist priest, in 150 pages explains a little-known subject—"Histoire du canon de l'Ancien Testament dans l'Église Grecque et l'Église Russe" (Beauchesne). "Histoire du dogme de la Papauté des origines à la fin du IVe siècle," by Abbé Joseph Turmel, appears in the Bibliothèque d'histoire religieuse (Picard et Fils).

From a purely legal point of view, Pierre Galichet, in a thesis for the doctorate of laws, treats "L'Église Anglicane et l'état" (Giard); it is an advantage that the subject should be handled by methods foreign to English thought and lined up with French legislative principles concerning the relations of the state and churches, before and after separation.

The Vicomtesse d'Adhémar, in "Une Religieuse réformatrice (1895-1901)," narrates the life and work of the late Mère Marie du Sacré Cœur, who tried in vain to develop the convent education of girls in France in the direction of the social needs of the day (Bloud). The suppression of French convent schools has since then turned aside the question to Catholic schools in general; the book has value at a time when the remedy of past defects is likely to involve the disappearance of the excellencies of the past.

"Traditionalisme et démocratie," by D. Parodi, judges the more or less Catholic movements which are agitating deeply the younger intellects of France: traditionalism and morality, with Brune-

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tière; and positivism (more properly Taine-ism), with Paul Bourget; and individualism (regionalism and nationalism), with Maurice Barrès (A. Colin).

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second volume of Thomas J. Wise's admirable "Bibliography of the Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," printed for private circulation, one hundred copies only, has just been issued, including Parts iii, iv, v, and vi. The first item described in Part iii, pirated or unauthorized issues, is that curious volume, "Poems MDCCCXXX-MDCCCXXXIII," 1862; and extracts are given by Mr. Wise from Tennyson's bill of complaint, filed in Chancery to restrain John Camden Hotten from selling any copies. It has been a disputed question where this book was printed. Hotten's original statement, in a catalogue in which he offered a copy for sale, was that the poems had been "collected with considerable care and labour by a gentleman of great literary taste in western Canada," and that the book was printed "at the Backwoods' Press." In his bill of complaint Tennyson or his attorneys said:

The book so sold by the Defendant has no printer's name upon it. It was, no doubt, printed in this country, and not, as suggested in the Defendant's catalogue, at the Backwoods' Press, or in Canada.

Mr. Wise has previously stated that the little volume was "compiled, edited, and privately printed, by the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell, then resident in the Island of Mauritius." He has, however, now returned to the older opinion, and in his "Bibliography" says:

This interesting little volume was compiled and edited by the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell. From April, 1860, to the summer of 1862, Mr. Campbell resided in Canada as the representative of Messrs. Cochrane & Co., of Glasgow. During his stay in Toronto he caused the book to be privately printed at his own cost.

Of the eleven other pirated editions described, all but two are little pamphlets which were issued from 1867 to 1876 by the late Richard Herne Shepherd. Aside from Dykes Campbell's collection, Mr. Wise makes no account of American or foreign editions, but notices only English printed books. Part iv is devoted to collective editions printed in England from 1870 to 1908; Part v describes one hundred and eleven complete volumes of biography and criticism; Part vi is an alphabetical list of all Tennyson's published and privately printed poems, showing in each case its first appearance, (a) in print, (b) in a volume of Tennyson's poems, (c) in a collective edition. As frontispiece the volume contains a portrait of Tennyson (nearly full length, seated), reproduced from a hitherto unpublished photograph taken in April, 1861.

On April 12 and 13, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the library of Dr. G. H. Wynkoop of New York city. Among the important lots are first editions of several of Dickens's novels in parts; the first edition of Charlotte Brontë's "Villette" (1853); a presentation copy from Hawthorne of "Transformation" (London, 1860), under which title "The Marble Faun" was issued in England; and several of William Loring Andrews's books. In the same sale are 56 lots relating to Christian Science, including several early editions of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health." On the evening of April 13, the same firm will offer a collection including several publications of the Bibliophile Society, among them André's "Journal"; a copy of Dickens's "Master Humphrey's Clock" (1840-41), in the 88 weekly parts; and an imperfect Fourth Folio Shakespeare (1685). On April 14 and 15, the same firm will sell a collection of duplicates from the New York Public Library. Jonathan Mitchell's "Nehemiah on the Wall in Troublesome Times," an election sermon printed in Cambridge, Mass., 1671, is the rarest book in the collection. Other important titles are: "Historiæ Canadiensis" (Paris, 1664), by Franciscus Creuxius; "Joyfull Newes out of the Newfound World" (London, 1580), by Dr. Monardes; "A True and Impartial State of the Province of Pennsylvania" (Philadelphia, 1759); Robert Rogers's "A Concise Account of North America" (1765), and "Journals" (1765); and an uncut copy of Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems" (1845). A copy of Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles," with the first issue title, dated 1624, lacking one map, is described as "pp. 97 to 104 missing." These pages, however, are lacking in all copies.

On April 13 and 14, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the library of Mrs. A. S. Apgar. Included are the first New York edition of Burns's Poems (1788), first editions of Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, books relating to Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and several early American Masonic items.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes that James Boswell's early work, "Dorando: a Spanish Tale," long sought by book-hunters, has been found in the Sir William Hamilton Collection in the University Library, Glasgow, bound with other pamphlets in a duodecimo volume entitled "Morality." The story is a skit on the famous Douglas Cause.

Correspondence.

HAWTHORNE, CILLEY, AND "FANCY'S SHOW-BOX."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In February, 1838, Nathaniel Hawthorne's classmate, Jonathan Cilley, who, to use his own words, had in those old days been to him "almost as an elder brother," and who at that very time was working to secure him a government position, was challenged to a duel by a fellow Congressman, Mr. Graves of Kentucky. According to Julian Hawthorne, in his "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife":

He hesitated some time before accepting this challenge, the subject in dispute being unimportant, and his position with regard to it being such that the "code of honor" did not necessitate a meeting. At length, however, some one said, "If Hawthorne was so ready to fight a duel without stopping to ask questions, you certainly need not hesitate"; for Hawthorne was uniformly quoted by his friends as the trustworthy model of all that becomes a man in matters of honorable and manly behavior. This argument, at all events, put an end to Cilley's doubts; he accepted the challenge, the antagonists met, and Cilley was killed.

Naturally, under these circumstances,

When Hawthorne was told of this, he felt as if he were almost as much responsible for his friend's death as was the man who shot him. He said little, but the remorse that came upon him was heavy, and did not pass away. . . . "Had I not aimed at my friend's life," was the burden of his meditation, "this other friend might have been still alive." . . . He had touched hands with crime; and all the rest was but a question of degrees.

Julian Hawthorne continues with these paragraphs:

In the first volume of "Twice-Told Tales" there is a short story, or "morality," as the author styles it, which, if read in the light of the foregoing narrative, will be found to have a peculiar interest. In it the question is discussed, whether the soul may contract the stains of guilt, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which physically have never had an existence. The conclusion is reached that "it is not until the crime is accomplished, that guilt clinches its gripe upon the guilty heart and claims it for its own. . . . There is no such thing, in man's nature, as a settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution." Nevertheless, "man must not disclaim his brotherhood with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the fleeting phantoms of iniquity. He must feel that, when he shall knock at the gate of Heaven, no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to entrance there. Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footstool of the throne, or that golden gate will never open!"

Those who wish to obtain more than a superficial glimpse into Hawthorne's heart cannot do better than to ponder every part of this little story, which is comprised within scarcely more than a half-dozen pages. It was written about the time of Cilley's unhappy death, and contains more than its due proportion of "sad and awful truths."

A careful reading of this will show that it does not directly state that it was meditation over his connection with his friend's death that led Hawthorne to consider the whole general subject of man's relation to crimes conceived and intended, but not committed, and to embody the results of his consideration in a short story; but that certainly is the implication, and that is what this passage has usually been taken to mean. Elsewhere, in "Hawthorne and his Circle," the son writes:

I am wedded to dates and cannot be divorced from them. It must be set down precisely when the events took place. . . . I can no more dispense with dates than I can talk without consonants.

Unfortunately, in this passage he certainly *is* divorced from dates. Had he desired in this instance to be thus commendably accurate, he should have introduced the two paragraphs quoted with some such sentence as the following: "In the first volume of 'Twice-Told Tales,' which appeared in March, 1837, there is a short story, 'Fancy's Show-box: A Morality,' reprinted from the volume of 'The Token' that appeared in September, 1836, which, if read in the light of the foregoing narrative, will be found to have a peculiar interest, as a remarkable anticipation of what Hawthorne's feelings must have been after the death of Cilley over a year and a half later, *i. e.*, on February 24, 1838." Instead, Julian Hawthorne leaves the reader to get the date of the publication of "Twice-Told Tales" from references to it in letters by Goodrich, Russell, and Bridge,

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printed twenty-five pages earlier in his narrative; fails to give the name of the story to which he refers; omits it entirely from the "list of most of Hawthorne's contributions to various periodicals from 1832 to 1838; inclusive," that immediately follows his comments on it; and says that it was written "about the time" that Cilley was killed.

Naturally, those who have accepted his assumption of accuracy at its face value have been misled by Julian Hawthorne's statements and their implication. Mrs. Fields, for instance, writes in her "Nathaniel Hawthorne":

Hawthorne was crushed by the idea that his bad example had misled his friend; and, in the brief tale called "Fancy's Showbox: A Morality," he embodies something of the suffering that was really his.

M. Dhaleine, in his "N. Hawthorne, sa vie et son œuvre," says:

Hawthorne se reprocha longtemps d'avoir été, bien qu'indirectement, cause de la mort de son ami, et de l'avoir encouragé, sans le savoir, à ce duel fatal, par sa démarche imprudente. C'est à ces remords, qui le torturèrent longtemps, qu'il faut attribuer certains passages caractéristiques.

Then follows, as an example, an extract from "Fancy's Show-box"; and then M. Dhaleine, using the clue Julian Hawthorne had given him, finds in "The Christmas Banquet," which was first published in 1844, an indication that "la pensée de la mort de Cilley semble avoir encore préoccupé Hawthorne." But there is no likeness between the case of Hawthorne, assuming his son's statement of his relation to Cilley's determination to accept a challenge to be correct, and that of the "man of nice conscience, who bore a blood-stain in his heart," because he had killed a fellow-creature, "with such a peculiarity of circumstances that he could not absolutely determine whether his will had entered into the deed or not." Hawthorne was tortured by no such doubt.

Moncure D. Conway goes even further astray. In his "Life of Hawthorne," he states:

Hawthorne was not like Goethe, whose mother said that he could get rid of any grief by putting it into a poem. When he had embodied his mournful memories in such pieces as "The Haunted Mind," and "Fancy's Show-box," they all the more took up their abode with him. There is a great pain in some of his casual sentences, as where he exclaims: "Would that I had a folio to write, instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity."

When Hawthorne wrote the words just quoted (from "Wakefield"), the ghost of Cilley seemed finally laid, so far as his life was concerned, however it might still haunt his mind.

As both the additional stories he cites were published some three years before Cilley's death ("Wakefield" in the *New England Magazine* for May, 1835, and "The Haunted Mind" in "The Token" for the same year), Mr. Conway adds to the original error two blunders of his own.

The remark that Julian Hawthorne makes anent his father's relation to the Cilley-Graves duel, "How small a part of the consequences of a man's deeds can be monopolized by the man himself;" is thus seen to be as true in literature as in life.

But as no corroborative evidence is given to show that Cilley had ever heard that Nathaniel Hawthorne had challenged a friend, the statement that it was the citing of Hawthorne's example that led him to engage in a duel is at present a mere *obiter dictum* by Julian Hawthorne. And as he has been shown to be at least careless and inaccurate in the very next paragraphs, it may fairly be doubted whether the only error in his statement is his attributing to Mr. Wise of Virginia the sending of the challenge to Cilley; a blunder from which he would have been saved by a careful reading of his father's account of the affair.

Intimate though Hawthorne and Cilley were in college, they did not keep up their friendship after graduation. A letter that the latter wrote on November 17, 1836, shows that he had heard little or nothing from or of the former during the eleven years that had elapsed since they parted. The following summer Hawthorne spent a few weeks in Maine, and on July 28, 1837, he met his old classmate for the first time since 1825. That he found much to criticise in his "former friend" is shown by the character-sketch of him in the "American Note-Books." Cilley was shot less than seven months later, and nothing has been published to show that he and Hawthorne met in the interval or to any extent renewed their intimacy. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to see when or from whom Cilley could have learned a story so little to Hawthorne's credit as that he had been tricked into sending to an unoffending friend a challenge to mortal combat "without pausing to make proper investigations." Hawthorne, whose *amour propre* was deeply wounded on finding that he had been the duped tool of a heartless, mischief-making coquette, would naturally have used every effort to confine the knowledge of his misplaced confidence and rash act to "the few of his friends who knew anything about it"; and of these Cilley was not in a position to be one. Horatio Bridge, who seems to have been Hawthorne's most, if not his only, confidential friend in 1836-1838, who brought about the correspondence between Cilley and Hawthorne in 1836, and whom Hawthorne went to Maine to visit when he met Cilley in 1837, comes to mind as the one person who might have told Cilley of Hawthorne's melodramatic experience. But he is precisely the one survivor from those early days who, after the publication of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," in 1885, denied that the citing of Hawthorne's example led Cilley to accept Graves's challenge. As Prof. G. E. Woodberry says, "he should have known."

Be that as it may, neither in the sketch of Cilley's life that he contributed to the *Democratic Review* for September, 1838, nor anywhere else in his published works, is there one word to show that Nathaniel Hawthorne felt any personal responsibility for his friend's death. The question that he asks towards the end of his sketch, "Why, as he was true to the Northern character in all things else, did he swerve from his Northern principles in this final scene?" seems to have found no answer in his own heart; and the sketch closes:

So like destiny did it appear that he should achieve everything at which he aimed, that even now my fancy will not dwell upon his grave, but pictures him still amid the struggles and triumphs of the present and the future.

WM. DALLAM ARMES.

University of California, March 30.

JOHN COTTON AND SIR HENRY VANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the inscription prepared for the recumbent marble statue of John Cotton in the First Church in Boston, he is described as the "Preceptor and Friend of Vane." Edwin D. Mead, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, at its June meeting in 1907, and published in "Proceedings, 1907, 1908," referring to one of Cotton's publications ("Way of the Churches of Christ in New England"), speaks of the "influence of its cardinal views upon Vane, who during his stay in Boston lived for a time under Cotton's roof." It should be stated that Dr. Charles Borgeaud, to whose "Rise of Modern Democracy in England and New England" Mr. Mead refers for authority for this statement, makes no allusion whatever to any influence, real or supposed, which Cotton had on Vane.

We know Vane and his views of religious liberty at the time when he was Cotton's guest, which not only led him to befriend and plead for the rights of Mrs. Hutchinson, but found expression in his dispute with Gov. Winthrop, and his earnest protests against all laws of exclusion or persecution because of religious differences, as well as in his whole subsequent career; and we know Cotton and his views, which found expression in his numerous publications, as well as in his well-known conduct. Though Cotton was twenty-seven years older than his guest, Vane far outstripped his host in his clearly defined principles of the rights of conscience, and was able to give lessons to the teacher of the Boston Church. This he undoubtedly did, though the Puritan teacher was unwilling or too old to learn them.

It was Cotton who boldly affirmed that "toleration made the world anti-Christian," and should therefore be religiously avoided and prohibited, who approved the banishment of Roger Williams, saying afterwards with a heartless facetiousness that "it was not banishment, but enlargement"; who carried on the famous published controversy with Williams, in which he showed that he had never learned the alphabet of religious liberty, much less been a preceptor in that branch of knowledge; and who inhumanly justified the persecution of the Rhode Island worthies, Clarke and Holmes, in the famous reply which he and Wilson sent to Saltonstall. Moreover, his conception of democracy appears in the following language:

Democracy I do not conceyve that ever God did ordeyne as a fitt government eyther for church or commonwealth. . . . As for monarchy and aristocracy, they are both of them clearly approved, and directed in Scripture, yet so as God referreth the sovereigntie to himself, and setteth up Theocracy in both, as the best form of government.

It should be added that after Vane returned to England, Cotton, who had stood with him in the defence of Mrs. Hutchinson, went back on himself, publicly professed his penitence with many tears, declared that he had been made "her stalking horse," and not only abandoned the poor woman to

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her enemies, but zealously engaged in confuting her "heresies," and himself delivered the verdict of the church, and "pronounced the sentence of admonition with great solemnity, and with much zeal and detestation of her errors and pride of spirit." John S. Barry ("History of Massachusetts, First Period," p. 259) says:

This was the unkindest cut of all! This blow staggered her! And the unhappy woman, baited and worried by her clerical tormentors, "pumped and sifted to get something against her," stigmatized as "the American Jezebel," cast out of the church, spit upon, and defied as it were, scarce knew what she said; and failing to give satisfaction to those whom nothing probably would now have made lenient, was excommunicated in due form.

Brooks Adams, commenting on this distressing affair ("The Emancipation of Massachusetts," p. 60), says:

Vane sailed early in August, and his departure cleared the last barrier from the way of vengeance. . . . Cotton hastened to make his peace by a submission, which Rev. Mr. Hubbard of Ipswich describes with unconscious cynicism: "If he were not convinced, yet he was persuaded to an amicable compliance with the other ministers; . . . for although it was thought he did still retain his own sense and enjoy his own apprehension in all or most of the things then controverted (as is manifest by some expressions of his since that time published) yet by that means did that reverend and worthy minister of the gospel recover his former splendour throughout New England."

It looks very much as if Cotton's momentary liberalism in joining hands with Vane in the defence of Mrs. Hutchinson was the effect of the young Governor's presence and influence upon him, and that after Vane had departed he fell back in a most humiliating manner, and with ostentatious penitence, which must be regretted by every one, into his former narrowness and an intenser opposition to the principle of religious liberty. The facts do not appear to justify the claim that Cotton was in any sense the preceptor of Vane. In those days, and in that community, the younger man, who was of noble family and was generally welcomed with enthusiasm by the Massachusetts colonists on his arrival, and in a few short months was elected Governor of the colony, who held advanced views, and possessed withal a striking personality, would inevitably be listened to with respect, and would easily be exalted, in spite of difference in age, to the preceptor's chair.

HENRY M. KING.

Providence, March 29.

IDEALS OF STUDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has occurred to me to add a few suggestions to the admirable letter from "X" entitled "Maintaining Ideals of Study," in the *Nation* for March 25. A residence of well-nigh twenty years somewhat within the atmosphere of a great university has given me material for thought in regard to ways and means by which the excellent work which is done there might be strengthened and increased. There are two crying evils of the present system which "X" has failed to note. One of these is the fact that the man who has enough money to pay for tutoring can neglect his work, cut a very large proportion of his courses, and yet, at the finals, outrank another man who has attended the courses faithfully and taken copious notes. By a certain diabolic legerdemain the accomplished tutor (who is a mind reader as well as a "crammer") usually succeeds in forecasting the matter of the examination so far that he can guarantee with a few hours of tutoring to produce effects in the examination which could be obtained in the ordinary way only by months of hard work. Every effort is often used to get hold of syllabuses and digests intended only for the use of the instructors, and thus give the student a short cut to the desired passmark. It is really difficult to overstate the astonishing results of skilled tutoring brought to bear on a moderately intelligent man in preparation for a small number of examinations. But the invariable testimony of instructors and students alike is to the effect that knowledge crammed under high pressure disappears with alarming rapidity as soon as the examinations are over. It does not seem to leave even the path of low resistance for further knowledge of the same kind that is left by attainments reached in a leisurely manner, even if they become apparently forgotten during the lapse of months and years. Apparently the only means of obviating the evil of tutoring as a "cram" consists in setting a high value, in the adjustment of the student's standing, on his daily work and on hour examinations of which no notice is given beforehand.

The other difficulty which I have in mind is far more deeply rooted and serious. It depends upon the fact that students of all grades, from the grammar school to the graduate school of the university, are allowed by the instructor to think of the subjects studied mainly as so many stepping-stones, first, to the examination and then to graduation. The inherent value of the subjects, in and of themselves, is often not insisted upon by the teacher or professor and therefore not recognized by the student. The obnoxious course system which "X" so effectively denounces has aggravated this evil and with the introduction of free election of studies, now rapidly descending through the high schools and toward the grammar schools, it has become an important part of the occupation of every pupil to figure out the easiest path that may lead to a diploma. It is increasingly difficult to meet this condition of mind, and to eradicate it in higher institutions of learning, but something can be done in and below the high school by vigorous attacks on the practice of making the examination, and not that for which the examination stands, the real goal of the student. I have known of an instructor who always counted it a misdemeanor for a student to inquire in class whether such and such kinds of problems would be likely to be set in the final examination, and this refusal to recognize the legitimacy of questions of the sort, if carried through all grades of instruction, would do something to destroy the spirit which leads to the asking of such questions. Incidentally, something can also be done to encourage study for the sake of the subject itself by allowing it to be understood that all indications of a desire to reach out beyond the absolute reading or laboratory requirements in the given subject will, as far as possible, be weighed by the instructor in estimating the year's work. It is not impossible in literary courses on the one hand, and biological or physical science courses on the other, to credit the student with work done somewhat under his own direction and wholly at his own initiative.

Y.

Cambridge, Mass., April 1.

"THE NEW HOPE IN INDIA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article which appears in your issue of March 4 under the above heading, and in which you quote certain astonishing statements made by the Society for the Advancement of India, and, I quite admit, controvert a good many of them. It is a hopeless task to follow up every misleading statement made about the Indian administration, and I will not take up your space with more than one which seems to me to be particularly glaring, viz., the complaint of "crushing taxes and insufficient irrigation works." Now, what are the facts? The actual area cropped in British India in 1906-07 was 214,026,319 acres, of which 32,391,158 acres carried more than one crop, so that it is not unfair to say that 246,417,477 acres represent actually the area under one crop, and of this 36,654,558 acres were artificially irrigated. That is, nearly one-fifth of the total area cultivated, whereas when the late Queen took over the government of the country the area under irrigation was about two and a half million acres. Now, the land revenue of the whole of India at the same time was something under twenty millions sterling, so that the average assessment on each acre of crop actually cultivated is something under 1s. 8d., and it is quite impossible, I think, to estimate the gross produce of the country at less than £1 an acre, so that the "crushing land tax" cannot be more than one-twelfth of the produce, or 8⅓ per cent.

J. S. PENNINGTON,
I. C. S. (retired).

East India Association, London, March 25.

THE COMFORTING POWER OF NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust the writer of the article on Thomas Traherne (see the *Nation*, Feb. 18) will permit an interested and not ungrateful reader to demur to his conclusion. Surely it is "when the tedium of life rolls in upon us, when the ambition for which we have striven fails, and we are taught the deceitfulness of hope, or is achieved and we find to our dismay that we have no more capacity of enjoyment than before," it is then that "the restorative beauty of Nature" is most precious in its healing effects. Nay, even "when a great loss by death or evil alienation"—I have a case in mind—"darkens our ways," Nature does not wholly lose her power to calm and soothe.

I am far from saying that the mysticism of Vaughan and Traherne and Wordsworth affords a complete philosophy of human life; "the still sad music of humanity" cannot be ignored; but I would venture to affirm that it does contribute to such a philosophy an element at once necessary, vital, and permanent—most truly a *doctrina cœlestis*. For if we do not find God in Nature, where are we to seek Him? Is Nature alien to God, or independent of Him? To say that He (or It) is *not there* is atheism. And it is

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not a question of the reality of the external world, but of its value and significance in relation to our mental experience. In the words of Herbert Spencer, "The Power manifested throughout the universe distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." What "greater realities" are there than these? To many serious thinkers it is not "the fabric of the world," but the fabricated systems of the theologians, which may be compared to the sand castles of children, even now being swept away by the universal tides. G. H. T.

Naples, Italy, March 20.

Notes.

The Forest Press of this city announces for immediate publication "A Book of Hours," by the late Miss Ellen Thompson of Boston. The volume includes "Edward FitzGerald and His Friends in East Anglia," and other literary papers.

The centenary of the birth of Horatius Bonar (December 19, 1908) has been celebrated by the issue of an inexpensive little volume of his hymns, selected and arranged by his son, H. N. Bonar (Henry Frowde). There is a portrait of Dr. Bonar, a sketch of his life, and a brief account of some of the hymns. With the exception of two or three minor alterations, this edition is a reprint of that issued in 1904.

To the series known as the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) there has been added "The Authorised Version of the English Bible, 1611," in five volumes, edited by William Aldis Wright. The first volume contains as a frontispiece a facsimile of the original title-page. Mr. Wright adds a table of seventeen pages showing the variations between the two issues of 1611. The pages are not in the double-column form which makes most Bibles so offensive to the eye, but with the lines running entirely across, as in ordinary books. For the benefit of scholars and others who may wish to get the Authorised Version in *puris naturalibus*, the old spelling is retained. Of course, there are already on the market plenty of copies in modernized orthography.

The American Unitarian Association of Boston is engaged in the preparation of a Centenary Edition of the works of Theodore Parker. The series will comprise fifteen volumes, all of which will be published before the Parker Centenary in 1910. Three volumes have already been noted in these columns. These are now supplemented by three others, "Sermons of Religion," "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and "Historic Americans." The latter volume includes Parker's lectures on Franklin, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and Webster. These addresses exhibit Parker at his best as an orator, and at his worst as a partisan. The lecture on Webster, delivered while Boston was still in mourning for the great statesman, is one of the most striking examples of prejudice in the judgment of a contemporary. The liberal notes at the end of the volume point out Parker's errors in a scholarly and unbiassed manner. On the other hand the "Sermons of Religion" are full of elevated utterance on spiritual themes, adapted to helpful ministry to aspiring souls of all ages. The references to pages in the notes in "Transient and Permanent in Christianity" contain many errors. The volumes are clearly and serviceably printed and reasonable in price. They will help to worthy appreciation of Parker on the centenary of his birth.

Two more volumes have been issued in the New York Edition (Charles Scribner's Sons) of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James. Vol. XV contains "The Lesson of the Master," "The Death of the Lion," "The Next Time," "The Figure in the Carpet," and "The Coxon Fund"; Vol. XVI, "The Author of Beltraffio," "The Middle Years," "Greville Fane," "Broken Wings," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Abasement of the Northmores," "The Great Good Place," "Four Meetings," "Paste," "Europe," "Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie," and "Fordham Castle." The prefaces to these volumes, in Mr. James's most prolix and cryptic style, seem rather pumped. Taking himself with great seriousness, he tells the sources of these various tales—where he got the idea from which the story grew. "The Death of the Lion" was written for the *Yellow Book:*

> I was invited, and all urgently, to contribute to the first number, and was regaled with the golden truth that my composition might absolutely assume, might shamelessly parade in, its own organic form. It was disclosed to me, wonderfully, that—so golden the air pervading the enterprise—any projected contribution might conform, not only unchallenged, but by this circumstance itself the more esteemed, to its true intelligible nature. For any idea I might wish to express I might have space, in other words, elegantly to express it—an offered license that, on the spot, opened up the millennium to the "short story."

The pieces in Vol. XV "have this in common, that they deal all with the literary life, gathering their motive, in each case, from some noted adventure, some felt embarrassment, some extreme predicament, of the artist enamoured of perfection, ridden by the idea on paying for his sincerity." In "The Coxon Fund" he treats of "the S. T. Coleridge type." In Vol. XVI "Paste" is a transposition of the terms of Guy de Maupassant's "La Parure," the story of the young woman who borrows a pearl necklace and loses it. Supposing it to be genuine, she and her husband ruin their lives in endeavoring to earn money to replace it. Mr. James makes it "a matter not of a false treasure supposed to be true and precious, but of a real treasure supposed to be false and hollow."

"The Book of the Duke of True Lovers," now first translated into English from the Middle French of Christine de Pisan, is an interesting addition to the New Medieval Library (Duffield & Co.). The narrative verse of the original is rendered into prose by Alice Kemp-Welch; the interspersed ballads are happily translated into the original metres by Laurence Binyon and Eric R. D. Maclagan. The translator's preface gives some account of the author, and the history of the manuscripts, but neglects to mention that the French text is readily accessible in the works of Christine de Pisan, edited by Maurice Roy for the Société des Anciens Textes. Composed at about the end of the century in which Dante's book of love was written, this narrative of romantic passion is told, like the "Vita Nuova," in the first person, and appears to be an unusually intimate record of a heart-searching experience. But to the young French prince earthly love was not, as it was to the Florentine poet, the mystical means of union with *L'Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle.* It was rather an exigent yet joyous discipline preparing the lover for all the fair and brave uses of the world. Abiding in a relationship always perilously near the illicit, it demanded sleepless vigilance, swift obedience, secrecy, and unfaltering self-restraint. Recognized as the crowning reward of knightly conduct, it inspired the courtly and soldierly virtues—gay and easy demeanor, spirited bearing, excellence in manly sports, and dauntless valor in war. "And for that I heard it maintained," begins the Duke of True Lovers, "that a lover is courteous above other folk, and better esteemed amongst men, I desired to be one." To the theory that the story is a genuine human document and not primarily a work of art color is lent by the fact that it has come down to us in only two manuscripts long preserved in the private collections of the French nobility, that it ends inartistically with the issues still unsettled, and that Christine de Pisan represents herself, in her brief introduction, as merely the literary secretary, for the time being, of some nobleman, not to be divulged, who wishes his memoirs written.

"The Chatelaine of Vergi," now published in the New Mediæval Library (Duffield & Co.) has flitted down through the ages like the old lover's ghost with whom John Donne longed to talk. Written toward the close of the thirteenth century, this story of the unhappy loves of the Lady of Vergi and her faithful Burgundian knight, perhaps embodying some half-forgotten passion of real life, has been preserved from generation to generation by the piety of the faithful, and has exercised a considerable influence in romantic art and literature. That interesting connoisseur of the profane and sacred loves, Marguerite of Navarre, translated it into prose; Bandello rendered her version into Italian; thence it returned to France in the "Histoires tragiques" of Belleforest, a plunder house of the Elizabethan dramatists; in the eighteenth century it quickened French fiction again; now it appears in a form which will appeal to bibliophiles, translated into English prose by Alice Kemp-Welch, presented also in the original old French from Raynaud's edition, and supplied with a brief introduction by Dr. Brandin. The impression produced by the archaic and almost dreamy English rendering is very different from that produced by the quick canter of the light French verse; but the keynote of the style will seem right to those who know the romance material mainly through the great redaction of Malory. The charm of the volume is much enhanced by the quaint, crude illustrations of the story, taken from an ivory casket of the fourteenth century, now in the British Museum. And, however one may feel in general about the modern-antique, it is a crusty stickler who will not cry bravo to these brown pigskin covers with their delicate stamped designs and their brass clasps already delightfully green!

Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson's "Some New Literary Valuations" (Funk & Wag-

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nalls Co.) exhibits a keen perception of the obvious, a stringent regard for exact and literal expression, a belief in orthodox Christianity, and an almost overmastering passion for grammar. Himself a son of the Muses, as he is at some pains to keep us reminded—indeed, a writer of epics—he sits in the seat of judgment as a poet-critic of the Malherbe family, jealously guarding his own. Of the six writers whom he passes in review only the writers of prose fiction, Howells and Tolstoy, get off with any semblance of whole coats; the poets and critics, Arnold, Stedman, Tennyson, and Morley depart in tatters. Howells, of course, has no fine ear for verse, and he certainly was not born a critic; for does he not admit in "My Literary Passions" that as a boy he passed through a "paroxysm of Alexander Smith"? No born critic would, even as a boy, have passed through a paroxysm of Smith; if the reader has any doubt, let him turn to the appendix, where he will find a critique on the aforesaid Alexander Smith written by Professor Wilkinson in *his* youthful days. Still, though Mr. Howells's diction is not always flawless, he has humor so rare and so abundant that his critic knows of nothing superior "in the world of literature, ancient or modern, domestic or foreign." It may be said, merely in passing, that Professor Wilkinson confesses an "incurable congenital incapacity for enjoying anything literary that is cast in the dramatic form," and that he has never "read any play, not even one of Shakespeare's, with pleasure." To Matthew Arnold two papers are devoted: one proves that he is an entirely peevish and whimsical critic and a vicious model in prose; the other shows that his poetry is full of nonsensical figures and of grammatical solecisms that would disgrace a schoolboy. As an example of the exigent temper of this critical Rhadamanthus consider the following: Arnold says, "It is impossible to put down a book like the history of the French Academy . . . without being led to reflect. . . . ." Professor Wilkinson comments thus. "Just why the 'putting down' of a book should exert such a compelling influence is not immediately clear. 'Being led' has no subject," etc. Stedman as a critic generally lacked precision and austerity; as a poet he was rather so-so. The professor confronts a specimen of Stedman's early verse with a specimen of his own verse and exclaims with delicious oracular ambiguity: "The difference between them!" Lord Morley is an atheist and his books on Voltaire and Diderot are no more than special pleading for atheists, and in very wretched style at that. Tennyson was the greatest artist in lyric verse in the world; but he had a serious tendency toward "violence" in his use of the language. For instance, he wrote of the "chalice of the grapes of God" where a man of sense would certainly have written "wine." Perhaps Professor Wilkinson is at his happiest where he is tearing to shreds a first rough draft of one of the laureate's poems which by some mischance has got into the hands of the public; if not there, then in the two pages in which he takes Lowell to task for expressing in private his admiration of Dante by an ejaculated "damn," and Howells to task for countenancing and enjoying that expression.

With the best intention in the world one cannot find much in R. S. Craig's "Making of Carlyle" (John Lane Co.) to justify the spinning of this account of his early years through 500 pages. The repetition is incessant, and the moralizing often flat, even at its first appearance. By far the best part of the book is that which dilates on the strength of the clannish spirit among the Carlyles, and shows how much of the style and ideas of the writer came to him with his Calvinistic inheritance. This is a matter which has never, we believe, been fully exploited, nor does Mr. Craig do more than deal with it in general terms. The chief aim of the book is to defend Carlyle in his matrimonial tragedy (if such it was) at the expense of his wife. It is quite true that many deductions must be made from the story of that marriage as derived by Froude and his followers from Mrs. Carlyle's letters and conversations, but the insistence of Mr. Craig on Mrs. Carlyle's social ambitions is altogether overdone, and in the end wearisome. And, after all, to rewrite the life of Carlyle with this point of his marriage perpetually in view is to mistake lamentably what the real admirers of the sage want to hear. We must account Mr. Craig's volume as among the *haud desiderata*.

"My Cranford," by Arthur Gilman (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a slender, dainty volume of ruminations, chiefly upon the present and past of an old-fashioned New England village. It is pleasant to think that there remains even one little town unprofaned by railroad or factory, yet still enjoying a comfortable degree of prosperity, as well as a numerous progeny, a public library *not* given by Mr. Carnegie, and, most wonderful of all, a single, universal church. If tragedy, or sin, or even vulgarity, ever invades this Arcadia, Mr. Gilman does not see them; his picture is all of pleasantness and peace.

Under the title "Psyche's Task" Prof. J. G. Frazer has published (The Macmillan Co.) an expanded version of an evening discourse delivered by him at the Royal Institution. His theme is the soul of good in things superstitious and he declares that the folk-lorist, like Psyche, has to separate the nourishing grain out of the rubbish heaps of savage custom. He accordingly shows how the divinity that doth hedge a king in primitive culture has helped to bring about stable government, how the taboo surrounding property left by the owner has given rise to the concept of private property, how the ban on sexual intercourse between certain classes and at certain times has led on to the modern idea of marriage, and how the fear of ghosts has caused men to acquire a respect for human life. These theses are illustrated with that wealth of example with which Dr. Frazer's readers are familiar; and the whole essay is as interesting reading as it is instructive and consolatory doctrine.

The Carnegie Institution, under the direction of Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, employed Prof. Charles M. Andrews and Miss Frances G. Davenport to prepare a list of manuscripts in English depositories bearing upon the history of America before 1783. One part of this list now appears in a portly volume, and includes all collections of importance outside of the Public Records Office. Not only are the British Museum and Bodleian Library covered, but such institutions as the Guild Hall, House of Lords, Lambeth and Fulham Palaces, the Royal Society, and the archives of important religious bodies. For the first time this wealth of historical material is opened and the means of obtaining access to it displayed. The compilers note in many cases where the manuscript has been printed (this portion of the undertaking is necessarily imperfect), and have even noted corrections to be made in the printed text, as in a Clarendon manuscript, where "presented" is corrected to "presum'd." As an illustration of painstaking accuracy this instance is interesting, and it may be added that a careful examination of titles shows remarkable freedom from errors in date or name. The list was extended to include material on the West Indies, but the practice of the two compilers in this particular was not uniform. As it is, the volume is an invaluable aid to the investigator, and full proof of the utility of the series planned by Mr. Jameson and entrusted to such capable experts. The volumes on the Public Record Office will be published at some future time, being held for the new numbering of the manuscripts in London. The Library of Congress is systematically obtaining transcripts of this American material, and the list of what is already accessible in Washington, printed in this volume, shows that good advance has already been made. The use of expert service in the Carnegie Institution to point out what the library should obtain offers a happy illustration of economy and efficiency.

In "The District in the XVIIIth Century," A. J. Morrison of Middletown, Va., reprints the descriptions of the proposed Federal district by four English and one French visitor, prior to the actual removal of the government. To create a city of magnificent proportions, out of a country region having little to recommend it, was no small task, and these travellers speak of the plans and not of the accomplishment. Apart from the two or three public buildings, a hotel was the first need. Weld saw the nearly finished building in 1795, and thought it "anything but beautiful." Private houses were largely built on speculation, and the city was composed of avenues leading through deep woods. Nearby was the "handsome" town of Georgetown, and at some distance were seen the "towering steeples" of Alexandria. While the visiting Englishmen dwell upon the possible commercial future of the city, central in location, and on a waterway capable of such improvement as to tap the Western trade, the Frenchman, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, was more impressed by the speculations of Morris, Law, and Greenleaf in city lots, the jealousies of the different sections, and the prospects of gaining wealth. He, too, thought Alexandria among the finest towns in the United States. The extract from Davis includes, without correction, his absurd account of the first inauguration of Jefferson. In a second pamphlet Mr. Morrison gives Parkinson's visit to this country to see the Mount Vernon estate. Though the editor questions the judgment of the trained English farmer on the quality of the land, this judgment was not different from that of Washington—not to speak of

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the hopelessness of obtaining a profitable employment of slave labor by English farm methods.

Jesse Lynch Williams's "Mr. Cleveland, a Personal Impression," is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a small, attractive volume. It gives a pleasant and intimate portrait of the ex-President in his Princeton retirement.

Sir Arthur Clay has done a good work well in abridging and translating Paul Leroy Beaulieu's "Collectivism" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). That book has been regarded as the acutest and most searching analysis of the various communistic and socialistic schemes, and in particular, while allowing the waste inevitable under any exaggerated system of competition, it shows with remorseless logic the inability of collectivism to meet the laws of supply and demand in domestic exchange, and still more emphatically in foreign trade. Most Socialists, we take it, are such, not because they have any clear understanding of the economic questions at issue, but because they are led by personal envy or humanitarian revolt against the world's injustice to attach themselves to the party that avows discontent and professes a constructive remedy. To those who talk loosely of Socialism as at least a tendency in the right direction and as the necessary step of progress or evolution, the clear thinking and wide knowledge of Leroy Beaulieu's treatise may be strongly recommended. Such doubting minds will here meet with facts.

Victor Hugo comes to us in two forms, very different in bulk and purpose. One is a single volume in the charming green and gold Classiques français published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains a selection of the lyrical poems in the original, with a critical introduction by L. Aguettant. The other is eight volumes ("Napoleon the Little," "The History of a Crime," "Poems," "Dramatic Works"), completing the Handy Library edition of the works of Victor Hugo, published by Little, Brown & Co., in twenty-two volumes. The translations are by different hands and naturally vary in merit. But the books are excellent in typography and form, and the price, $1 a volume, brings at least a selection of the more important novels within easy reach.

W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide to Europe" has come from Houghton Mifflin Co. in its revised form for 1909. It is an excellently practical little book, as the travellers of many successive years have found.

"A British Officer in the Balkans: The Account of a Journey Through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey in Austria, Magyarland, Bosnia, and Herzegovina," by Major Percy E. Henderson (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the careful story of a long trip. At this time, when so many newspaper readers are wondering what is summed up in those two odd names, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the narrative of these wanderings in the region of quaint Austro-Turkish towns and ancient Italian republics, has peculiar interest. Major Henderson made it his business to see everything there was to be seen, and he has set everything down with an accuracy that is sometimes almost painful. He has missed no smallest detail; the pattern of a woman's dress, the way the workers in the Austrian government tobacco factories roll cigarettes, the relative values of hotels—all these items are marshalled for the information of the reader. It is a sort of revision of Baedeker, indispensable for any one contemplating a trip to the picturesque country which has been the storm-centre of Europe during the past winter. Starting at Fiume, the author progressed down the beautiful Dalmatian coast, stopping at the former free city of Ragusa and at Spalato, where Diocletian built his fairy palace. Then he paid a flying visit to Montenegro, by way of the "Montenegrin Ladder," which zig-zags up the mountain-flank above Cattaro. One cannot resist a feeling of resentment that Major Henderson should have dismissed the historic mountain principality and its interesting people and masses of legendary lore, with a bare chapter. The remainder of the volume is devoted to travels in the annexed provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and a brief excursion into Hungary. There are numerous illustrations from photographs depicting both life and scenery.

G. C. Sansoni of Florence is publishing a little book of the "Rime Disperse di Francesco Petrarca," including all the poems not included in the "Canzoniere," but attributed to Petrarch by some manuscript or rare publication. The laborious task of collecting and editing was undertaken by Prof. Angelo Solerti, but after his death was completed by Vittorio Cian. The proceeds from the sale of the book will go to the family of Professor Solerti.

A list of 1,000 Italian books, published in cheap editions and intended as a model for people's libraries in small Italian towns, has been compiled by Prof. Ettore Fabietti and A. Locatelli of Milan, and issued as an appendix to Fabietti's "Manuale per le Biblioteche Popolari" (published by the Consorzio delle Biblioteche Popolari, Milan). A selection of 300 volumes adapted to small rural communities is indicated by asterisks. This list is divided into four sections: books for adults; for young people; books on science, agriculture, industry, and art; and reference books for library use. As the entries include the size, date, publisher, and net cost and an occasional bibliographical note, this model catalogue, like the list of the *Revista delle Biblioteche* (see the *Nation*, April 1, p. 335), would be suggestive to American librarians in supplying the needs of Italian readers.

Hermann Esswein, one of the earliest and warmest adherents of August Strindberg, whose sixtieth birthday has given rise to a number of retrospective articles, is the author of a comprehensive study of the life and the work of this most interesting though not always sympathetic Swede. "August Strindberg im Lichte seines Lebens und seiner Werke" is a volume of 212 pages, with 27 illustrations. The publisher is Georg Müller, Munich, who also issues the complete works of Strindberg translated into German by Emil Schering.

"Gründe und Abgründe: Präludien zu einer Philosophie des Lebens," by Oscar Ewald (Berlin: Ernst Hofmann & Co.), consists of two solid volumes of ethics, based on empirical psychology. The first of Volume I treats of "Das Wesen des Willens" and "Erotik und Geschlechtlichkeit"; Volume II, "Aus dem Leben des Glaubens," "Künstler und Denker," and "Individuum und Universum." The work aims to discuss all the leading psychological and ethical problems now in the forefront of debate.

"Emanuel Geibels Jugendbreife" (Berlin: Karl Curtius) adds considerably to our knowledge of this gifted poet and amiable friend of Freiligrath and Chamisso, especially since none of these letters has been published before. They cover his life from the time when he was a student at Bonn, 1835, to his return from Greece, in 1840. They are full of autobiographical interest. With but one or two exceptions all these letters are addressed to Geibel's mother, and this recalls Geibel's characterization of his father as "rich in the matter of friendship, but no writer of letters." Very interesting are the references to Freiligrath, just then becoming known. Two portraits of the poet are given, made in 1834 and 1838.

Theodor Kappstein, as editor, has begun the publication of a series, Die deutschen Hochschulen: Illustrierte Monographien (Berlin: Wedekind & Co.), of which two volumes have appeared, each of about two hundred pages. The first is by Fritz Baumgarten, "Freiburg im Breisgau"; and the second by Adolf Stier, "Jena." The history of the different universities will be given largely in the form of biographies of their great teachers. Thus the book of Stier supplements from the personal side such excellent volumes as that of Borkowsky, brought out on the occasion of the recent centennial anniversary of Jena.

The reforms of Joseph the Second of Austria possess never-ending interest for the investigator of modern church history; and the recent work of a Catholic scholar, Hermann Franz, "Studien zur kirchlichen Reform Josephs II" (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder), has made accessible new data from archives, and has contributed materially to an objective presentation of the subject.

Another interesting contribution to the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin, which falls on July 10, is Dr. Peter Paulssen's "Johannes Calvin: Ein Lebens- und Zeitbild aus dem Reformationsjahrhundert" (Stuttgart: Belser). The author has aimed to draw from primary sources, to use these in accordance with the recognized canons of modern historiography, and to depict Calvin in the light of the complete historical background of his activity. The book is one of the most scholarly productions called forth by the anniversary.

The Deutsche Texte des Mittelalters (Berlin: Weidmann), published under the auspices of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, has now reached its tenth volume, containing a characteristic collection of sermons, entitled "Der sogenannte St. Georgener Prediger," so-called because the oldest manuscript of these anonymous discourses, written about 1300 A. D., is found in the St. George Convent, in the Black Forest. In its day this collection was exceedingly popular, being used for many decades in the Benedictine, Dominican, and Carthusian cloisters, as model discourses. The present edition is based also on a Carlsruhe and a Freiburg manuscript.

Th. H. Pantenius, a native of the German provinces of Russia, and author of a number of works of fiction that treat of Russian life, has recently published a popular "Geschichte Russlands von der Ent-

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stehung des russischen Reiches bis zur Gegenwart" (Leipzig: Voightländer). The volume (less than five hundred pages), while not evincing special scholarship or research, is based largely on native sources. Unfortunately, only eighty-six pages are devoted to the nineteenth century.

The third volume of Alfred Jensen's "Rysk kulturhistoria" (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus) covers the nineteenth century; Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostojevski, Tolstoy, Gorki, Mereshkovski, and others are passed in review, with emphasis on their significance for the social and political development of the Russian people. The various literary movements are discussed. Most interesting are perhaps the studies of Dostojevski and Tolstoy.

Lovers of Tegnér will be interested in Prof. Evert Wrangel's volume, entitled "Den blåögda (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand), in which he gives an account of the poet's friendship with Hilda Wijk, wife of a prominent merchant and member of the Diet for Gothenburg. The friendship for this noble woman seemed to have helped the already aged poet to conquer another, more earthly passion that darkened his later life. The volume contains many hitherto unpublished letters of Tegnér, for the most part of a purely personal character.

At the twelfth annual conference for education in the South, to be held at Atlanta April 14 to 16, the programme will include the following speakers: Gov. Hoke Smith of Georgia; Robert C. Ogden, New York, president of the conference; Gifford Pinchot of the Forest Service, Washington, D. C.; Clarence Ousley, editor of the Fort Worth *Record*; Charles L. Coon, superintendent of schools, Wilson, N. C.; Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education; Mrs. B. B. Munford, Richmond, Va.; Dr. John Lee Coulter, University of Minnesota; Dr. Lillian W. Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.; Dean Lida Shaw King, Woman's College, Brown University; Dr. A. Caswell Ellis, University of Texas; C. S. Barrett, president of the Farmers' Union, Union City, Ga.; President Edwin A. Alderman, University of Virginia; and President Charles R. Van Hise, University of Wisconsin. Among the special meetings will be conferences of State superintendents of education for the Southern States, of supervisors of the school improvement work in the Southern States, and of the Southern Association of College Women.

Two new members have been elected to the Académie Française: in place of François Coppée enters Jean Aicard, poet and novelist, and in place of Gaston Boissier the well-known critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* René Doumic.

William Henry Edwards a naturalist, died at Coalburg, W. Va., April 3. He was born at Hunter, N. Y., in 1822, and twenty years later was graduated from Williams College. Although he was admitted to the bar, he became more interested in the study of butterflies than of law, and in 1846 made a trip up the Amazon. His books are: "Voyage Up the Amazon" (1847), "The Butterflies of North America" (three series, 1879, 1884, 1897). He has also contributed 160 separate papers on lepidoptera to the *Canadian Entomologist*, and entomological papers to various other journals.

From Manila has come the news of the murder of Dr. William Jones by the Ilongots at Dumbato, Dr. Jones had been sent out to the Philippines two years ago by the Field Museum of Chicago, and was prosecuting his anthropological studies at the time of the reported murder. He was one-quarter Indian blood, and had been born among the Sauk and Fox Indians in Oklahoma some thirty years ago. He was educated at Hampton, Va., Andover, Mass., and Harvard. He had already accomplished valuable work for the Field Museum.

A veteran in philosophy, Dr. James Hutchinson Stirling of Edinburgh, has died at the age of eighty-eight. Among the long list of his books two have been specially popular, his "Secret of Hegel" (1865) and his translation of Schwegler's "History of Philosophy," the latter of which reached its twelfth edition in 1893. More literary in character are his "Jerrold, Tennyson, Macaulay, with Other Critical Essays" (1868), "Burns in Drama" (1878), "Philosophy in the Poets" (1885), and "Thomas Carlyle's Counsels" (1886).

The death is announced, in his seventy-sixth year, of Dr. Herbert Mortimer Luckock, Dean of Lichfield, a biblical scholar of Anglican-Catholic beliefs. He wrote a number of religious books, among them: "After Death, State of the Faithful Dead," "Studies in the History of the Prayer Book," "The Bishops in the Tower," "The Intermediate State," "History of the Church of Scotland," and "The History of Marriage."

Another biblical scholar who has died is Dr. Charles Henry Hamilton Wright, born at Dublin in 1836. His specialty was Hebrew, and at different times he was examiner in that subject at Oxford, University of London, and elsewhere. He published a number of books on the Hebrew Testament, as well as on such themes as "The Intermediate State and Prayers for the Dead," and "General Writings of St. Patrick."

Report comes of the death of Dr. Richard Mahrenholtz, who was born in Etgersleben in 1849. He wrote chiefly on French topics, and among his books are "Geschichte der französeschen Revolution," "Rousseau," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Fénelon," etc.

Dr. Rudolf Gottschall, a prolific and popular writer of verse, fiction, and history, has died at Leipzig, in his eighty-sixth year. His first book of verse, "Lieder der Gegenwart," was published before he was twenty, and, for its liberal tendencies, led to his expulsion from the University of Breslau. He completed his studies at Berlin and Königsberg, and then devoted himself to literature.

Another German author whose death must be recorded is Frieda, Baroness von Bülow, at Jena, in her fifty-second year. She had travelled much in the East and in Africa, and was the first German writer to exploit colonial life in fiction. Her novels include: "Margarete und Ludwig," "Tropenkoler," "Im Lande der Verheissung," "Allein ich will," "Einsame Frauen," and "Wir von heute."

FLORIO'S MONTAIGNE.

The Essayes of Michael Lord of Montaigne. Done into English by John Florio; with an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 3 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.

Whatever may be said of Florio's occasional inaccuracies, his translation of Montaigne has two undeniable merits. It was accepted at once (the first edition is dated 1603) as an integral part of English literature, preparing the way for a succession of essayists, from Bacon to Lamb, who have no parallel in any other country; and it succeeded admirably in preserving the spirit of the original. The very form of the sentences and the quaintness of the vocabulary seem to be Montaigne writing in English. Except for those who have a complete mastery of old French, Florio is the book. We could wish that this new and handsomely printed edition had been more generously, or at least differently, planned. It is hard to see any profit in retaining the spelling and, more especially, the eccentric punctuation of the original edition. Montaigne might be speaking for his translator also when he said he meddled neither with orthography nor with curious pointing. "Where they altogether break the sense," he says, "I little trouble myself therewith; for at least they discharge me. But where they will wrest in and substitute a false sense (as often they do) and wire-draw me to their conceits, then they spoil me." Certain it is that the punctuation of Florio, as he was printed, too often wrests in and obscures the meaning. Montaigne, we take it, is an author to be read; the flavor of the old speech, whether French or English, should be preserved, but, to quote Florio's turning of a quotation:

> A pedant knowledge, I
> Detest out of all cry.

Some notes also should have been provided, no elaborate apparatus, but an indication here and there of the right translation where Florio has gone too far astray, and a little help now and then for the more difficult allusions. However, the main thing is that this great book is again made accessible at a price not unreasonable for the excellence of the paper and presswork.

The publication is opportune. With the *édition municipale* of Montaigne appearing at Bordeaux under the able supervision of F. Strowski, and with Pierre Villey's learned treatise on the library of Montaigne and the epochs of his thought (see the *Nation*, July 2, 1908, p. 14), France is making almost a rediscovery of the man whom Sainte-Beuve admired as "le français le plus sage qui ait jamais existé"; and no doubt we shall catch some echo of all this stirring in our barbarous lands beyond the sea. Those who desire to read the latest presentation of the matter

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will find a thoroughly sensible discussion of "Les Époques de la pensée de Montaigne," by Victor Giraud, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February 1.

Perhaps some emphasis should be laid on the word "sensible," for in this search after the learned and the new certain other scholars have not entirely escaped the danger of forgetting the evident and the right. Thus, M. Strowski, led astray, it has seemed to us, by his research into the Stoic revival of the sixteenth century, went altogether too far, in his recent work on "Pascal," in throwing into relief the stoical elements of Montaigne's philosophy. Pascal was right in treating him as a thoroughgoing Epicurean in his attitude toward life; and Sainte-Beuve was right by the same token. M. Strowski seems to have been misled by the same industry when he called the "Apologie de Raymond Sebond" "l'expression complète d'une âme vraiment religieuse et sincère." Again, Pascal was right in taking that essay as the very quintessence of skepticism, and by the same token Sainte-Beuve.

Brunetière, with his exaggerated faith in evolutionary methods, looked to these studies of dates to bring about wonderful changes in our view of Montaigne. The plain fact is, that, with all respect for the heart-breaking toil of these scholars, we cannot see that they have advanced us much in real comprehension of his genius. Knowledge, as Montaigne says, "must be enfeoffed in us and made our own"; it is too often the case that those "whose sufficiency is placed in their sumptuous libraries" miss the learning that springs from an understanding of human nature. Sainte-Beuve's chapter in the "Port-Royal" is still the truest characterization. And, indeed, the essential chronology of Montaigne needs no documentary research. By comparing the earlier essays with those of the third book added to the edition of 1588, the direction of his development is made perfectly clear. Read the typical chapters of the first book, for example, "That to Philosophie is to Learn How to Die" and "Of the Inequality that is Between Us"; the inspiration and purpose of the writer will be quite evident. The model was given by such books as the "Adagia" and the "Apophthegmata" of Erasmus. From 1531 to 1573 the second of these works went through no less than eighty-three editions, forty-nine of which were printed at Paris and Lyons, not to mention French translations. Some such concentration of the wisdom of the ancient world Montaigne had in his mind; and his earlier essays are often merely a collection of quotations out of Horace, Lucretius, and a few other Latin writers, with illustrations from history and a running commentary in the vernacular. Of Montaigne himself there is comparatively little. The success of his first publication and the greater assurance of practice led him to fill the later essays with his own reflections on life and with garrulous confessions of his tastes. It is in the third book we get such a chapter as that "Upon Some Verses of Virgil," which is really a disquisition on the art of love, with extraordinarily frank professions of the writer's own practice. "I believe," he avows, "that which Plato says to be true, that man was made by the gods for them to toy and play withal"; and, further: "Our life consisteth partly in folly and partly in wisdom." And, if any definite theory can be got from the essay, it is that which runs all through the book: Indulge in folly, but do not forget wisdom; and let both folly and wisdom contribute to the pleasure of life. Certainly that is the lesson also of the last essay, "Of Experience," which seems to have been meant as a summing up of what Montaigne himself had learnt from the world's school, wherein, as he says, human ignorance is the surest part.

There is no change of sentiment here from the essays of the earlier period, but merely change of method. What was first presented as the commonplace of the past, is now recast as the writer's own lesson of experience. Horace and Lucretius were his favorite authors—M. Villey estimates that he quotes each of them about one hundred and fifty times—and evidently contained for him the final wisdom of antiquity. The impression of the essays, as a whole, cannot be conveyed better than by calling them the Epistles of Horace translated into modern modes and writ large. A good deal is lost in the transfusion, especially that feeling of finality which goes with brevity, with the saying a thing and stopping; something is added also in exaggerating the fluctuant and epicurean side of Horace; but to those who cannot read the original Latin with ease, and who need to have their pleasure diluted, these essays are to modern civilization what the Epistles of Horace were to Paganism as concentrated and consummated in Rome—the pure wisdom of the man of the world that scarcely changes with the passing of the centuries.

In shameless self-exhibition, they no doubt go far beyond their model. Readers will differ in their appetite for the kind of personal details that fill the later essays. "Il faisait trop d'histoires, parlait trop de soi," says Pascal, and exclaims against "le sot projet qu'il a de se peindre." "Their egotism in no wise disgusts me," says Thackeray, speaking of Montaigne and Howell; "they talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me." But even if one sides with Pascal and thinks it scarcely worth while that an author should send his "dearest friends to a stationer's shop" to learn that he eats so greedily as sometimes to bite his finger ends, yet it must not be forgotten that the indiscretions of Montaigne are still of the pagan and Horatian type and not of the romantic and Rousselian. With the latter sort of egotist, the one aim is to make himself out different from the rest of mankind, a being set apart in morbid isolation. Montaigne, on the contrary, shows rather the universal human nature in himself the individual. "I am," he says, "but a man of the common stamp."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Chippendales. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Judge Grant has here produced another of his careful, somewhat laborious studies of American life. He has no brilliancy or adroitness of style. His effectiveness is due rather to the working of a quiet and steady intelligence. He knows what he is driving at, and arrives, as it were, by force of sheer assiduity. There is hardly a dramatic or quotable passage in the six hundred pages of "The Chippendales"; nor is the leisurely course of the story enlivened by such humorous diversions as Mr. De Morgan beguiles us with. The writer's manner is awkward and prolix; it has no speaking quality, no natural flow of idiom. In choosing to celebrate here the Boston of the eighties and nineties, he has arrived, it may seem, the day after the fair—or rather between fairs. The period is hardly remote enough to stand in picturesque perspective, hardly near enough to supply the best material for the social satirist. It was a time of marked change in the social and moral aspects of the city—whether of decadence or of transition, seems to be the question which chiefly interests Judge Grant.

It is edifying to find Boston taken so seriously, chronicled with such elaboration in this day when many Bostonians, even, are apologetic or silent in general company. There is a fine ardor in this celebrant's minute fidelity to the topographical fact. When we read that "Sumner proceeded along Dartmouth Street, and, crossing Huntington Avenue and Boylston Streets, hastened toward his home," or that Mr. Chippendale "started to walk down-town, by way of Commonwealth Avenue, the Public Garden, and Beacon Street," we are left in no doubt of our bearings. The Common is the fetish of the Chippendales: the fertility of its English sparrows, the obsolescence of its gray squirrels, the incursion of the subway, are all burning questions to that Brahmin race. It is in his demure insistence upon these foibles of place that Judge Grant's humor chiefly makes itself felt. The Chippendales live either upon the water-side of Beacon Street or upon the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue—the latter element being regarded rather as backsliders. Against the Chippen-

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dales' solid front of principle and prejudice, their "New England conscience," their sense of caste, have long dashed in vain the forces of vulgar progress. Yet insensibly the conditions of Boston life change. Great fortunes begin to be made, bringing with them new standards of material welfare. The Chippendales find their prestige less and less important in the life of the city. The arch-adversary comes, in the late eighties, to be one Hugh Blaisdell, a person who, borne in Maine and educated in a "fresh-water college," arrives in Boston in perfect ignorance of and indifference to the traditions which rule in the shadow of the State House, and the aura of Harvard. In New York, he would have found himself merely one of many cheerful, clever, unscrupulous apostles of progress as embodied in dollars and cents. He is not without his theories, or rather, perhaps, his patter. He proposes himself as one of the generals of a new industrial army, and we leave him still in the act of swallowing, after having taken into his maw the Chippendales among other minor reptiles. One invincible champion they have, however, in Henry Chippendale Sumner. Financially inconsiderable, he stands for all that is best and much that is most absurd in Boston Brahminism. It is he who secures the expulsion of the Bacchante from the courtyard of the Public Library—by no means on fanatical grounds. He stands for whatever is sound in taste or morals according to his somewhat austere code. In the end he wins the woman whom the victorious Blaisdell would have married. Perhaps the most amusing incident in the course of the narrative is the visit of Henry and his mother to the Art Museum to see a new Rembrandt (presented by Blaisdell). They gaze for some time in silence at the "full-faced Dutch burgher" in question. At last: "Artistically it is satisfying," says Mrs. Sumner, "but ethically I feel a lack. Compare a face like that with Emerson's, for instance. It is deficient in soul. I ask the question—I admit that it is debatable—can any work of art be considered great—satisfying in the highest sense—into which the spiritual quality does not enter?" "Ah, mother, mother, I was trying to stifle the same thought!"

One or two contradictions of detail may be noted. On page 81 it is said that Harrison Chippendale "had no office," while on page 155 we find: "He still maintained a small office where he employed a single clerk." Hugh Blaisdell is said on page 1 to have been born in Maine, but on page 261: "He was certainly a person to be reckoned with in his native city"—meaning Boston.

One Immortality. By H. Fielding Hall. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sententious is the word for this book. The author, with little distinctly in mind to say, invents a few named figures and a situation as excuse for the multitudinous and, alas! often platitudinous apothegms which for some hundreds of pages flow from his pen. The oracular method—or manner—is always effective with a certain audience. The last generation, with its rather brutal sense of humor, has had comparatively little ear for this kind of thing, in fiction at least. But Mr. Hichens and one or two others have done something lately toward restoring it to favor. Mr. Hall makes good play with it. The mere obviousness of a remark has no effect upon his readiness to shoulder responsibility for it. He says, for example, "There are things to say, and there are things to feel and never say"; and this truth reminds him of another, "There are times to speak, times to be silent." The persons of his tale have an equal gift of prophecy—which does not mean, of course, that they have opinions. "To ourselves," says Holt, the hero (p. 65), "we are quite simple"—a saying so graciously received by his fair hearer that he is encouraged (p. 69) to pronounce, to her equal satisfaction, "No one ever understood himself." Of such an interlocutor we are not surprised to hear on occasion that "he wondered why he talked." After all, something in the way of a story may still be fairly expected of a novelist, an account of things that intelligibly happen to human bodies or minds or souls. Else why does he talk?

With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D., together with Extracts from the Contemporary Magazine in Which It Appeared. By Rudyard Kipling; illustrated in color by Frank X. Leyendecker and H. Reuterdahl. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

This is the short story which *McClure's Magazine* published in 1905. It is now issued in large type, heavily leaded, and printed on one side of a leaf in order to make a little book. The volume is further padded out with several pages of articles and advertisements, of which the following is a fair example:

> MAN WANTED—DIG DRIVER for Southern Alps with Saharan summer trips. High levels, high speed, high wages.
> Apply M. SIDNEY,
> Hotel San Stefano, Monte Carlo.

The story is a good enough one of its kind, a tale of the trip from London to Quebec by dirigible balloon. It is filled with a strange technical jargon, relieved by some remarkably vivid passages of description. Kipling has a wonderful power of visualization. It is a pity that he is so destitute of ideas that in the interval of two years and a half since "Puck of Pook's Hill" he has been able to prepare no better apology for a book.

Walt Whitman. By George Rice Carpenter. [English Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

In no spirit of unkindness, it may be said that Professor Carpenter has been hampered—consciously hampered, no doubt—by the fact that his ground has just been well covered, with enthusiasm by H. B. Binns, and with more sober judgment by Bliss Perry (see the *Nation*, October 11, 1906, p. 306). How he has felt these difficulties can be seen in the section dealing with the subject of Whitman's rhythmical form, which Mr. Perry had treated at considerable length and with great acumen. Without naming his predecessor, Professor Carpenter goes rapidly over the list of writers who had there been given as forerunners of Whitman, rejecting their influence peremptorily—Blake's, for instance, because Whitman was not directly familiar with his experiments, missing the part of Blake in bringing about the movement of which Whitman was only one manifestation. The most striking paragraph in Mr. Perry's analysis is that in which he quotes Samuel Warren's Lyrical Soliloquy in commemoration of the Crystal Palace exhibition as a probable influence in determining Whitman's form. Now that poem, called "The Lily and the Bee," was promptly reprinted in America by Harpers, and was reviewed in *Harper's Monthly* in November, 1851. Whitman at that time was revolving in his mind the scheme which resulted in the "Leaves of Grass" of 1855; he was consciously going over the traditional methods of expression and casting about for a new form; he was a reader of the magazines; and it is a fair conjecture that Warren's free rhythms—there are also curious resemblances to the "cataloguing" manner—should have encouraged him in his natural bent. To discredit this derivation, Professor Carpenter quotes, from a lecture delivered by Whitman in March of 1851, a score of characteristic verses which afterwards found a place in one of the longer poems. His comment is that "Whitman's verse-method grew out of impassioned speech." As a matter of fact, Whitman did very little speaking, and these verses are far closer to Emerson, whose influence on Whitman is incontestable, than to "The Lily and the Bee" or the developed style of the "Leaves of Grass." The decisive influence is not yet felt in them. We cannot but believe that Professor Carpenter's rejection of literary sources (despite his protests, Whitman was in some respects always a bookish man) for a vague theory of "impassioned speech," based on a rather fine-spun psychology of language, is due in part

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to the necessity imposed on the later biographer of being different.

But it is possible we are bearing too heavily on this inevitable difficulty. As a whole, Professor Carpenter's work is well-proportioned and pleasantly written. He has been especially successful in fusing together criticism and narrative, in showing, that is, how Whitman's rhapsodies are a reflection of his life, and in telling his life by means of comment on his rhapsodies. To this end he has rather avoided discursions of a purely literary sort. His chief emphasis lies on the mystical aspect of Whitman's character and message; his most original contribution to the understanding of the "Leaves of Grass" is the attempt to connect the cataloguing habit, over which most critics stumble helplessly, with the process of mystic hypnosis or ecstasy:

> The habit of muscular repose, the complete motor quiescence which was so characteristic of him from his boyhood up, afforded the physical basis. In this state of rapt contemplation the mind, rather drawn out of itself than concentrated within itself, dwelt in rapid succession upon a multitude of outward objects, until, under this swift and dionysiac sequence of parallel, unrelated percepts, there followed the mystic experience, the illusion or the verity, of knowledge of the Whole. The most marked characteristic of Whitman's poetic method, that by which he catalogues or inventories objects, without close subordination or orderly classification, is perhaps but the same process on a smaller scale. The reader's attention reels under the weight of unrelated particulars until, just as the mind refuses to go further in the hopeless task of coördination, it is suddenly suffused, as it were, with a glow of comprehension, and there is born an impression of totality.

In regard to the poet's final place in fame, Professor Carpenter is wisely noncommittal. Analogues for Whitman's power he finds, not so much in purely literary types, as in the great personalities, the religious teachers, who, mainly through their lives and only incidentally through their writings, represent a new attitude toward life and give a new impulse to society.

Some vital questions Professor Carpenter leaves unanswered, as have all his predecessors. For example, we should like to see Whitman's denial of all distinction, his equal acceptance of all men as right (the glutton, the slobberer, the vile, the saint), his rejection of standards:

> What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?——

this way of viewing nature, as Professor Carpenter thinks, *sub specie æternitatis*—we should like to see this reconciled with the vein of physical puritanism expressed at times in his personal vows:

> I have this day, this hour, resolved to inaugurate for myself a pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded, robust body, by ignoring all drinks but water and milk, and all fat meats, late suppers—a great body, a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body.

The inconsistency here—which strikes at the very heart of Whitman's philosophy of life—may perhaps be explained away, but until it is so explained much of the "Leaves of Grass" must remain wild hurtling words.

Documents Relating to the Seigniorial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854. Edited with a historical introduction and explanatory notes, by William Bennett Munro. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

This volume of documentary material supplements Professor Munro's "Seigniorial System in Canada." The two books contain all that the most exacting student can ask for, on this interesting and significant phase of the history of Canada. The earlier volume offered a clear and scholarly discussion of the establishment, history, and effect of the seigniorial system in Canada; the present book provides the documentary material upon which the other was based. It would, however, give a very inadequate idea of the scope and value of this volume to say merely that it contains reprints of documents. The essential documents are here, but they are enriched with an elaborate series of explanatory notes, as well as an historical introduction of 116 pages. This equipment transforms what would otherwise have been a dry, and often unintelligible, collection, into a clear, comprehensive, and thoroughly interesting history of feudalism in Canada.

Not the least valuable feature of Professor Munro's work is its effective disposition of a number of popular but mistaken ideas as to the origin and influence of the system. Parkman, and other writers following his lead, have taken it for granted that Richelieu first planted the feudal system in Canada, as part of his policy of settling the colony with the landless aristocracy of France. Professor Munro makes it clear that the charter granted to the Marquis de la Roche, more than a quarter-century before Richelieu became Minister of State, gave specific authority not alone for the granting of seigniories in the New World, but for the establishment of the obligation of military service as an incident of land tenure. As a matter of fact, three seigniories were granted: two to colonial laymen, and the third to the Jesuit order, previous to the chartering of the Company of New France—or the Company of One Hundred Associates, as it is more generally called—in 1627. A more serious error that Professor Munro has exploded is the idea that the seigniorial system in Canada was an absurd and vicious survival of the Middle Ages, without a redeeming feature; that the century and a half during which France entrenched herself in the valley of the St. Lawrence afforded, in the annals of the New World, "an example of the methods by which a misguided monarchy unsuccessfully sought to superimpose upon a luckless colony that senile and decadent seigniorialism which characterized the social organization of the motherland in the two centuries preceding the Revolution." One cannot read Professor Munro's masterly introduction without being convinced that, while the evils of paternalism undoubtedly entered into the public and private life of New France, there was another side to the question. The fact has generally been lost sight of that the seigniorial system in Canada was by no means the same thing as the seigniorial system, at the same period, in France. In the mother-country, the system had gathered about it a host of intolerable abuses, leading inevitably to "that terrible retribution which the masses of the French people exacted from the governing classes in the outgoing years of the eighteenth century." In New France, on the other hand, the system "went back to the plane which it had occupied in the earlier centuries before the curse of absenteeism had sapped its vigor, and before its simple annual dues and its vague services of an honorary nature had been turned into agencies of extortion and oppression." In Canada, the seignior dwelt among his people, their leader in war and their patron in peace. The ancient personal bond between lord and liegeman was revived. Many of the prerogatives of the seigniors, the oppressiveness of which has so often been dwelt upon, were sometimes claimed, but seldom asserted. In fact, as Professor Munro says:

> If one surveys the seigniorial system of Canada as a whole, and in a fair-minded spirit, one cannot escape from the conclusion that its pressure upon the masses of the people was never really onerous. The obligations of the habitant to his seignior were light, they were fixed with some degree of definiteness, and they were never exacted in a manner which could properly be deemed harsh or cruel. . . . There is, indeed, no error more persistent, and at the same time less excusable, than that which regards the Norman habitant of the New World, as having occupied, in the closing decades of the old régime, a position analogous to that of the French *censitaire*.

The documents which take up the larger part of this book are printed in their original form, without translation; that is to say, those belonging to the old régime are in French, those subsequent to the capitulation of Quebec in English. The French documents include extracts from the charters of the Company of New France and the Company of the West Indies, various royal decrees and *arrêts*, dispatches and memoranda of the colonial governors and intendants, and special reports, such

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as those of the Intendant Raudot, Gédéon de Catalogne, and Hocquart. The English documents embrace extracts from the Articles of Capitulation of Montreal, Murray's Report on the State of Canada under French Administration, various dispatches, reports, and proclamations, and the elaborate report of the commissioners appointed, in 1843, to inquire into the operation of the seigniorial tenure in Lower Canada. The whole is made conveniently accessible by means of a full index.

My African Journey. By the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill; with 61 illustrations from photographs and three maps. Pp. xiii+226. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In writing this book, Mr. Churchill had two distinct ends in view, to tell of his exploits as a hunter of big game, and to awaken the interest of his countrymen "in the wonderful estates they have recently acquired" in northeastern Africa.

The purely narrative part fully bears out his assertion that it was "a very delightful and inspiring journey." The railway trip from the Indian Ocean to the Victoria Nyanza was over what is now very familiar ground; but when by rickshaw, bicycle, and canoe, Mr. Churchill went through Uganda to the navigable waters of the Nile, he found, though he had been an extensive traveller in tropic lands, that all previous impressions were effaced by the indescribable magnificence of the forests, in "variety of form and color," and in "profusion of brilliant life—plant, bird, insect, reptile, beast." At one spot, he watched from the top of an ant-bear hill "the stately and awe-inspiring procession of eleven elephants. . . . On the back of every elephant sat at least one beautiful white egret, and sometimes three or four, about two feet high." When scrambling along the brink of the Nile just below the Murchison Falls, he shot at a crocodile on a rock in mid-stream. The opposite bank appeared to be a long line of mud, but at the sound of the shot, it "sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds and hundreds of crocodiles, of all sorts and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into a white foam, exactly as if a heavy wave had broken. It could be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot." The one important event in his career as a sportsman was the killing a white rhinoceros, a species now almost extinct.

But hunting was not the principal object of this journey of the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. This was to study at first hand the administrative problems of the East Africa and Uganda Protectorates. Much of his time was spent in visiting stations, receiving deputations of natives, and conferring with the British officials. Among the results of these investigations was his strong conviction that the highlands of East Africa—the region proposed for the Jewish colony—is not a white man's country. The attempts of Europeans to colonize it have failed, mainly for climatic reasons. On the other hand, he believes it to be an ideal home for the surplus millions of India by whose industry, if all hindrances to their coming were removed, immense tracts of practically uninhabited wilderness would speedily become cotton fields and sugar plantations. But in Uganda, there is no question of bringing in colonists—the great needs are capital and railway communication with the markets of the world. Its marvellously rich soil, with inexhaustible water supplies, is especially adapted to the cultivation of cotton, rubber, coffee, sugar, in fact all tropic products. "American upland cotton grown in Uganda actually commands a higher price in the Manchester market than when it is grown in the United States." His advice to his countrymen is to "concentrate upon Uganda!" and his closing chapter is an urgent plea for the building of "the Victoria and Albert Railway" to connect the two great lakes and to be eventually extended to the head of navigation on the Nile.

The Government of American Cities. By Horace E. Deming. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Ten years have passed since the National Municipal League adopted a programme of city government which was to become a model for all lovers of home rule and democracy. It was an ambitious scheme—some called it "idealistic"; it separated city elections from all others, pushed civil service reform to the extreme, forbade special legislation, limited the term of every franchise, declared public property inalienable, prescribed uniform accounting, and —greatest of all—empowered large cities to write their own charters and administrative codes. In the succeeding decade much has happened to burn the brand of "idealism" more deeply. After Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and San Francisco had dimmed the lustre of Tweed and Croker, many persons began to say that city government was irreparable because of the indifference of its citizens. Democracy had been tried, they said, and found wanting; so a municipal programme making for complete home rule and more democracy was a pretty bubble. In Boston and New York, where more modern charters are being sought just now, this pessimism is urged with fresh energy. For these great communities, therefore, Mr. Deming appears at a crucial moment to strip the fundamental principles of home rule of every confusion. His volume is a defence of the National Municipal League's programme; and, in defending, it becomes virtually a history of recent municipal affairs.

The author traces, through many a modern instance, the profound change which is swiftly coming over popular conceptions of city government. He shows how, since 1880, the line between politics and administration has been drawn more sharply. He devotes still more attention to the strengthening of the conviction that municipalities must be freed from State control and extraneous politics. Even a student of civic reforms might pardonably be surprised at Mr. Deming's list of towns which have won partial or complete liberty in recent years. Missouri has allowed home-made charters since 1875, California since 1880, Washington since 1889, Minnesota since 1896, Colorado since 1902, Oregon since 1906, Oklahoma since 1907, and Michigan since last November. But such records are less welcome than the sharp return to essentials. Debates over charter revision would be greatly simplified, were Mr. Deming's nine "Pre-Requisites to Self-Government" —a simple summary of the principles enumerated above—posted in the street-cars. His chapter on the dual relation of the city to the State is even more helpful; and, for New York, at least, a word is spoken in season when he shows that city government is government, and not merely bookkeeping, or municipal research or a trusteeship.

One can find fault only with Mr. Deming's attempt to turn his book into a proof that cities can prosper solely through democracy—a rather vague term at best. His comparisons of European with American local governments, which are intended to cap the proof, seem to rest upon a confusion of home rule with popular government. Many of the English and Continental cities whose success the writer vaunts enjoy home rule, to be sure, and in full measure; but their suffrage systems must deny to them the name of democracies. We would not say that the writer's theory as to democracy may not be sound, but these instances are not convincing.

Drama.

The Blue Bird: A Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The poet, the philosopher, and the naturalist all bear their part in "The Blue Bird," the delightful dream-play which is one of the latest productions of the rich and delicate fancy of Maurice Maeterlinck, and which has been put into excellent and at times exceedingly

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felicitous English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Written with charming simplicity, and telling a story admirably suited to childish interests and understanding, it makes an equally strong appeal to adults by its imaginative symbolism, its freshness of humor and observation, and the inventive spirit which animates its parable. It deals with the dream adventures of Tyltil and Mytil, the children of a wood-cutter, who are commissioned by the fairy Bérylune (the very counterpart of an old neighbor, Madame Berlingot) to go in quest of the Blue Bird, whose possession will enable man to discover the hidden souls of animals and things, and so deprive them of their last vestige of independence. The fairy endows the children with a magic diamond, which, on being turned, converts all familiar objects, animate and inanimate, into human personalities. Armed with this talisman, they set out on their quest, under the guidance of Light, with the dog, the cat, bread, sugar, fire, water, and milk as an attendant bodyguard.

The cat—obsequious, insinuating, selfish, and treacherous—is the villain of the piece, ever trying to defeat his young master, while feigning great affection. He is rewarded with frequent caresses, while the dog, Tyltil's devoted slave and indomitable ally, is the constant victim of misapprehension and rebuff. With these companions the children pass through strange experiences. First, they visit their little dead brothers and sisters, whom they find with their grandparents, all unchanged, in the land of memory. They learn that the dead sleep peacefully except when the living think of them; then they exist once again, as of old, in the memories of the survivors. Next the children invade the palace of Night, who, forewarned by the cat, does her best to hinder their search, but is compelled to open all her dark places at the behest of Light. Tyltil finds that the ghosts have been much discouraged since men refused to take them seriously, and that the diseases have been greatly dispirited and enfeebled by the discovery of microbes. Her vast silence, Night declares, is now her most potent terror. In one enchanting chamber are enclosed the perfumes of night, the stars and will-o'-the-wisps, fire-flies, nightingales' songs and golden dews. There, too, are the dream gardens of the blue birds, who make the place a paradise, but who, alas! perish in the light of day. Among them is the one Blue Bird of their search, but he escapes on a moon-beam.

They hear of the bird next in the forest, where, at the instigation of the cat, the trees and various wild and domestic animals, hold a parliament, and resolve to do away with the children, who are rescued only by the desperate valor of the dog. Then they seek the Blue Bird in a graveyard—a scene full of the old weird Maeterlinckian mystery—where Tyltil makes the astonishing discovery that there are no dead beneath the gravestones, but that all have been transmuted into new, glorious, and luxuriant life.

The last and greatest adventure is in the kingdom of the future, a series of vast halls, peopled by the souls who are awaiting their turn to be born. These are in charge of sovereign and lovely figures like unto angels, and Time is the appointed minister who takes them to earth. It is in these later scenes that the poetical imagination and descriptive power of the dramatist are most strikingly displayed. The dialogue between the living and the unborn children is full of exquisite touches. Tyltil learns that no child soul can go to earth until it has its special mission: a great invention, a new happiness, or, perchance, a great crime. One unborn soul has the secret of prolonging life, another knows the treasures of the moon, others have new processes of cultivation; the destiny of one is to banish injustice, and of another to conquer death. The whole conception is a brilliant bit of invention, full of inspiring and poetic thought, but expressed, with wonderful art, in the simplest terms of childhood. In the last scene of all the children, still in their beds in the paternal cottage, awake to believe, for some time at least, in the reality of their adventures, to recognize in their neighbor, Madame Berlingot, the fairy of their dreams, and to see in their own pet turtle-dove, the Blue Bird of their hunt, although he is not quite so blue as imagination had painted him. Herein lies one great moral of the fable.

It is possible that some of the original charm of this fascinating vision may have been lost in the translation, but enough remains to prove it a masterpiece of its kind. Only genius could charge a nursery tale with so much significance without robbing it of its childlike character. Whether it will ever reach the stage here is doubtful. Only the grosser part of it could survive such an experiment. But it seems a pity that such admirable pantomimic opportunities as it offers—especially in the cat and dog, which are vital studies—should be wholly wasted.

With three plays, "Measure for Measure," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "All's Well," the excellent First Folio Shakespeare of Messrs. Crowell is half completed. We have so often commended the labors of the editors, Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clark, that we have nothing new to say in regard to the present volumes. By this time the edition must have made a place for itself in every Shakespearean library. In many respects it is the most convenient reading edition on the market. Occasionally, it is true, one balks at the rather lyrical tone of the introductions, and in the issue of "All's Well," a humorist might even find some amusement in the characterization of Helena as a maiden likely to "excite that peculiar disdain felt by the crude young male for the rare, schooled, and refined strength instinctively recognized by him as out of his line, and not 'like a man' . . . It is much the same attitude as that borne by the average man." But then if our humorist smiled, he would be that average man who has no business to meddle with criticism.

August Strindberg's "Swanwhite," which has been translated by F. J. Ziegler (Philadelphia: Brown Brothers), is a play to see on the stage, rather than to read. It is "a fairy drama," containing bits from many tales, the Wicked Stepmother and Cinderella being most conspicuous. The Strindberg we meet here is he of the later period and at his best; there is mysticism, but not mistiness, and the play is altogether beautiful—in Swedish. The translation is not particularly happy; to translate "betrakta," for instance, with "contemplate," does not betray that close familiarity with both languages which a translator must possess.

"Bibliographie der deutschen Bühnen seit 1830" is a valuable collection of data by Robert F. Arnold, author of "Das moderne Drama" (Strassburg: Trübner).

A meeting of the general committee of the Shakespeare Memorial, held in London, has practically adopted the report of an executive committee planning what will probably be called the National Shakespeare Theatre. The following are salient points of this report:

The objects of a National Shakespeare Theatre, as conceived by your committee, are: To keep the plays of Shakespeare in its repertory; to revive whatever else is vital in English classical drama; to prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into the oblivion to which the present theatrical system is apt to consign them; to produce new plays and to further the development of the modern drama; to produce translations of representative works of foreign drama, ancient and modern; to stimulate the art of acting through the varied opportunities which it will offer to the members of its company. To accomplish these purposes the theatre must be organized upon a true repertory system. It must produce a great variety of plays, and the productions, while simple, must be efficient and beautiful.

They are of opinion that the sum required to build, equip, and endow a National Theatre would be about £500,000, and that this amount should be roughly allotted in the following manner: Site, £100,000; building, £100,000; stage and equipment, £50,000; endowment, £250,000.

The controlling authority is to be a board of governors, representing the crown, various universities and municipalities, and including the Ambassador of the United States, and representatives of the more important British colonies. It was announced that $350,000 had been promised to the scheme by an anonymous contributor.

London is soon to have another new theatre, to be built by Edward Holles, and devoted to the modern and romantic drama. Mr. Holles has a number of dramas, including one entitled, "The Queen of Sheba," by Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck, another by George R. Sims and Mr. Shirley, and a third by Mr. Sims alone. Further, he has a piece named "Father Anthony," by the late Robert Buchanan, and one dealing

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with the career of Garibaldi, by Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley.

Isaac Henderson, who died in Rome April 1, was born in Brooklyn in 1850, and was graduated from Williams College. Immediately after leaving college, Mr. Henderson came to New York as assistant publisher of the New York *Evening Post* under his father; he also did some writing, chiefly musical criticism. In 1888 he went abroad, and in the course of the next few years he wrote several books and plays. One of his novels, "The Prelate," had considerable success, and a play, "Agatha," was produced by Charles Wyndham in London in May, 1892, and repeated there and in New York under the title "The Silent Battle." Another of his plays was "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird."

Report has reached us of the death, March 10, of the distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Frederick Gard Fleay. He was a graduate of King's College, London (1849), and of Trinity College, Cambridge (1853). In 1856 he was ordained, but held no curacy, devoting himself instead to educational work. In the study of the Elizabethan drama he obtained valuable results in metrical criticism, stage history, and other fields. His "Life of Shakespeare," his "Chronicle of the English Stage," and his "Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama" are monuments of learning and courage. Among his numerous other publications are the following: "Almond Blossoms" (verse, 1857), "Elements of English Grammar" (1859), "Shakespeare Manual" (1876), "Guide to Chaucer and Spenser" (1877), "The Logical English Grammar" (1884), besides editions of various plays. Of recent years he had lived in retirement.

Earl Stirling, who was a member of the company that played at Ford's Theatre the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, died in Chicago April 4. He had been stage manager for Augustin Daly and for Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum Theatre in this city. He also was leading juvenile with William J. Florence, Edwin Booth, and Edward Keene.

John Millington Synge, the dramatic writer, has died in Dublin at the age of thirty-seven. His publications are: "Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," "The Play Boy of the Western World," and "The Aran Islands."

Adolf Ritter von Sonnenthal, whose death is announced from Prague, was one of the greatest actors of modern times, one of the few players endowed with unmistakable genius. He owed nothing to heredity, still less to education. His father, a Hebrew tradesman in Pesth, was ruined in the troubles of 1848, and Adolf, who was born in 1834, was compelled to seek a livelihood in a tailor's shop. After three years he went to Vienna, where he visited the Burg Theatre, and at once fell a victim to the fascination of the stage. He appeared first as a voluntary supernumerary, and thus studied the leading players behind the scenes. Soon afterwards he managed to find regular employment, and his first triumphs—they were very modest, indeed—were experienced at Temesvar. When, later, Laube, the director at Vienna, gave him a chance, Sonnenthal—chiefly on account of his Hebrew parentage—was hissed off the boards. Next morning Laube, who seems to have been gifted with rare powers of perception, engaged him for three years. Upon his next appearance the public stayed away from the theatre, and for three or four following nights strong antagonism toward him was exhibited in every part of the house. But Laube persevered, and young Sonnenthal gradually won his way into public favor, until he had established himself as Vienna's favorite actor. In 1854 he played Hamlet for the first time, winning an emphatic triumph, and from that time his advance in fame and popularity was rapid. He became a regular member of the Hofburg Theatre in 1856, and in 1881 he celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary there amid extraordinary popular demonstrations. The Emperor conferred upon him the order of the Iron Crown, a mark of distinction to which no actor had ever before attained. It was in 1885 that he made his first visit to the United States, appearing first in the Irving Place Theatre in this city, where he created a profound impression by the simplicity and veracity of his methods, the vividness of his interpretations, and his striking versatility. He paid brief professional visits to us again in 1899 and 1902.

Adalbert Matkowsky, one of the best known of modern German actors, died recently at Charlottenburg, at the age of fifty. After a few years of preparation he began, at the Court Theatre in Dresden, a long and successful career, which was continued at Hamburg, and, since 1890, at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. He was particularly successful in the great characters of Schiller and Shakespeare.

Music.

While the number of American singers who are admired for their beautiful voices is fast increasing, both at home and abroad, the American speaking-voice is still the subject of severe criticism by W. D. Howells, Henry James, and many other less prominent writers. Can the hardness and shrillness of this voice be remedied? In the opinion of Katherine Jewell Everts it can. She has written a book entitled "The Speaking Voice" (Harper & Bros.), in which she explains the principles of correct training. She looks upon the ordinary American voice as being like a piano that is out of tune. She begins by advising the reader to take off ill-fitting corsets. Children should be taught to take a deep breath when under the influence of excitement: "This breath will cause the throat to open instead of shut, and the tone to grow full, deep, and round, instead of high and harsh." After thus teaching how the tone may be freed and reënforced, the author devotes chapters to changes in pitch, inflection, and tone-color, and finally to the vocal interpretation of different forms of literature. The volume has its uses for singers, too, for, as an old German writer observed, we must learn to speak before we can sing, just as we must learn to walk before we can dance.

"The common fault of Americans, namely, disagreeable speaking voice and slovenly pronunciation," is also one of the themes of "Twelve Lessons in the Fundamentals of Voice Production," by Arthur L. Manchester (Oliver Ditson Co.), which, however, is written more especially for singers. The author has come to the conclusion that teachers make too much use of certain expressions like "open," "covered," "dark," "white," "head tone," "forward," "back," "placing the tone," "nasal," before the students know what they mean. His aim is to present the essentials of voice production in such a way that the difficulties which discourage so many earnest voice students may be minimized. The attention of pupils may be called particularly to his eleventh lesson, in which he comments on the prevailing idea that a voice to be good must be loud. Many students expect a teacher to make their voices louder from the start; but a teacher who does that is a charlatan. A good teacher strives to develop first the quality of a voice, leaving its "bigness" to be settled later. About one-half of Mr. Manchester's volume is devoted to the control of breathing, which is half the battle in learning how to sing without fatiguing the voice.

The letters exchanged by Liszt and Carl Alexander, Grand Duke of Saxony, have been issued in a volume edited by "La Mara" and published by Breitkopf & Härtel. They are in French. The two men were friends from 1844 to 1886, the year of Liszt's death.

The history of Swedish music has been enriched by an unpretentious volume, "Svenska tonsättare under nittonde århundradet," written by Lina Lagerbjelke. It brings together conveniently the data about some of the men who played a part in what is by no means the smallest of Sweden's achievements during the past century. The sketches are concisely and interestingly written, and are accompanied by lists of the compositions; it is significant to notice that by far the greatest number of these are of a lyrical character. (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand.)

Lillian Nordica, Germaine Schnitzer, Mme. Langendorff, Albert Spalding, and David Bispham, will be the soloists at the American début of the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, Saturday evening.

Boston has lost one of her most prominent musicians by the death of Benjamin Johnson Lang, April 4, at the age of seventy-one. He was about equally famed as conductor, pianist, teacher, and organist, and he was one of the few surviving genuine pupils of Liszt. In 1858 he made his first Boston appearance as a pianist. The following year he was appointed organist of Boston's leading choral society, the Handel and Haydn, in which capacity he served until 1895; he was then conductor of the society for two years. He also conducted the Apollo Club from 1871 to 1901, and presided some years over the Caecilia Club. He composed an oratorio, "David," besides symphonies, overtures, and other works, but these are unimportant.

William Castle, for nearly twenty years director of the Chicago Musical College, died in that city April 1, at the age of seventy-two. He was born in England, and made his début in New York as concert singer in 1861.

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Art.

A Glance at the Grimani Breviary. 5 color plates; 110 in half-tone. Venice: Ferd. Ongania. 20 lire.

We come tardily to this handsome and useful publication, but the whole matter needs reconsideration in view of the discovery of a fine work by the "Grimani masters" in the library of J. P. Morgan and of recent research into the illuminator's art generally. The well-known publisher and color-printer Signor Ongania, has done well to make the pictures of this remarkable Breviary accessible at a moderate price, and possibly the editor does well in his brief introduction to give merely the external history and the tradition of Cardinal Grimani's chief treasure. The problems and uncertainties are so many that no summary treatment of them is possible. Here we can indicate only two or three issues of capital interest. From that invaluable note-taker called the Anonimo of Morelli, we learn that early in the sixteenth century this Breviary was treasured by the Venetian Cardinal, Domenico Grimani, who bought it from "Antonio Siciliano." Naturally, it has been assumed that this is the great painter, Antonello da Messina. On the strength of his ownership a few of the miniatures have been attributed to his hand. But we shall see that there were other Sicilian Anthonies, at least four contemporary painters of that name, one of whom, Antonello da Saliba, was pretty certainly in Venice towards the end of the century when Cardinal Grimani, born 1461, is likely to have bought the book. Certain of the miniatures suggest an eclectic Italian like this obscurer Antonello. None are of a quality to be by his greater namesake. Besides, Antonello da Messina died when Domenico Grimani was only eighteen years old, and presumably not yet a wealthy collector.

Since the Breviary follows exactly the Franciscan exemplar of Sixtus IV, published in 1477, it has been assumed that he commissioned the book. Evidently, the inference is hazardous. We are justified in asserting nothing more than a *terminus a quo*. The Anonimo declares that the artists were Memling, Gerard of Ghent, and Livinus of Antwerp. The tradition is only a generation later than the work, and therefore worthy of respect. But no student of Memling's Shrine of St. Ursula will, we think, admit a touch of his hand in this volume. Livinus is merely a name. There is a fourth miniaturist, whom we feel may possibly be Antonello da Saliba. Gerard van der Meire of Ghent is the only tangible figure. An examination of the pictures themselves shows, however, that these attributions really matter very little. No great artist worked on the Grimani Breviary. We have to do with a composite work by several accomplished journeyman illuminators, who presumably kept a shop together at Bruges. Several other products of this firm exist. The most notable is a Book of Hours in the Morgan library. Dr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch, who discussed it about two years ago in the *Burlington Magazine*, attempted to show, unconvincingly to us, that the Morgan copy is the earlier, and afforded models for the Grimani Breviary. In any case, we have to do with an established business, and not with a group of masters especially recruited by a Mæcenas like Pope Sixtus. The Grimani Masters drew from many sources, inventing very few of the figure compositions. The finest miniatures, those traditionally ascribed to Memling, are based in great part on the magnificent compositions of the Limbourgs and on the painting of Gerard David. His influence, indeed, is strong throughout the Breviary. One need only compare the Madonna and Saints (pl. 91) and the Nativity (pl. 27) with well-known panels by David at Rouen and Vienna. So constant is this leading that one must suppose either that Gerard David designed for this shop, or that its chief was one of his immediate followers. Still, the Grimani Masters cast a wide net. The portion of the work assigned to Livinus has a Dutch suggestion; the Adam and Eve (pl. 45) is based on a picture by Hugo van der Goes, now at Vienna; everywhere there is borrowing.

What light does such a work cast upon the illuminator's art in general? The Grimani Breviary was painted nearly a generation after the invention of printing. It represents the decline of a charming art. But it does seem to bear out the theory that the miniature painter of the Middle Ages was primarily a mere executant, working upon the designs of some more famous artist, or borrowing them wherever he might. His originality, then, would lie not in the pictorial but in the purely ornamental part of the work. Now, there is abundant evidence that painters of the Middle Ages did occasionally supply designs for artisan illuminators. Moreover there is only a handful of storied manuscripts which suggest the personal touch of any great artist. It appears that the painter proper who drew or painted on vellum did so very rarely, and only at the bidding of a princely patron. Botticelli, it will be recalled, at precisely the period of the Grimani Breviary, executed a Dante for Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici. For, regarding miniature painting as in the main a copyist art, we have the analogies of ivory carving and early enamelling. Here, too, the interest lies not in invention, but in a delicate and difficult process. Evidently, we must revise in a favorable sense our estimate of the painting of the Middle Ages, if miniature painting is to be regarded, not as an art complete in itself, but mainly as a mere workshop echo of a finer art of painting that has otherwise vanished.

It may seem that we have played the devil's advocate for the famous Breviary in St. Mark's Library. We have no such intention. There are many finer illuminations, but few manuscripts on the whole more interesting. The ornamental borders, whether pictorial or decorative, are of great variety and beauty. In their profusion of flowers, architectural forms, utensils, beasts, birds, men and women at their occupations, they afford a vivacious compendium of life as it appeared to the late Flemish painters. The pictures, too, are a true repertory of the painting of the fifteenth century in the Low Countries. From these illustrations, we might, were all the rest lost, divine, if not the exquisiteness, at least the vitality and comprehensiveness of the art that began with the Limbourgs to end with Mabuse. When Cardinal Grimani left this volume to his nephew in trust for the Venetian Republic, the lucky heir begged to be allowed to retain possession of it for his lifetime. And when, in 1593, it was delivered solemnly to Doge Pasquale Cicogna, in full Senate, the republic ordered that the famous sculptor Alessandro Vittoria should do the commemorative metal work for the velvet binding. No one who examines the Grimani Breviary, either in its glass case, or more advisedly in Signor Ongania's volume, will find that these enthusiasms were misplaced.

Charles H. Sherrill has prepared a companion volume to his "Stained Glass Tours in France." England furnishes the title to the new book, which will be published by John Lane.

Students of Leonardo da Vinci are periodically stirred by rumors of a nude Mona Lisa, allied to the drawing at Chantilly and the painting at St. Petersburg. This time the missing masterpiece has turned up in Lombardy. It shows the familiar composition of the Chantilly cartoon, and has a background of flowers. In the *Ressegna d'Arte* for March, F. Malaguzzi Valeri writes upon this and several other versions of the subject, arriving at the conclusion that all are imitations, and possibly due in the first instance to Bernardino Luini. Other articles of interest are "On Some Drawings in the Louvre," by Count Carlo Gamba, who deals chiefly with unidentified drawings by Pordenone; and on Antonazo Romano, by Giorgio Bernardini.

"Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance," by William Bode (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a beautifully printed quarto with more than ninety well-executed plates. It is a translation of Dr. Bode's well-known studies published six years ago, with the addition of two brief essays, on Leonardo da Vinci, Sculptor, and on the Medallist Niccolò Fiorentino. Otherwise there are virtually no changes from the German original, ex-

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cept a swarm of loose and occasionally false renderings by the translator. For the new public an intimation that this is not a comprehensive work, but a collection of essays of varying importance, would have been useful. Again the illustrations, though finely engraved, seem casually chosen. The point of a whole essay, "On Some Youthful Works by Michelangelo," is blunted for want of a print of the Apollo and Marsyas. The book would be all the better for the omission of certain vivacities and polemics, amusing enough when the articles were written, but now irrelevant. Nobody can blame Dr. Bode for wanting to give hard knocks; he certainly has received them in full measure himself. But one tires of his constant attentions to so easy a victim as Marcel Reymond. When all is said this is a most stimulating book for a student. Few connoisseurs contrive to present their investigations in so readable a vein, and with so ripe an erudition. Almost everything about Donatello is admirable. The treatment of Luca della Robbia is in a manner classic. Short comprehensive essays like those on boy portraits and *putti* are delightfully suggestive. In short, few books of essays touch the history and criticism of the Florentine renaissance at so many vital points. Professional students know how to use Dr. Bode's writings. Others should be warned perhaps that many of his conclusions are of a tentative and most disputable sort. What he believes, for example, about the sculpture of Leonardo, finds few advocates of weight. The three bas-reliefs of the Discordia type have been ascribed by Schubring to Francesco di Giorgio, and by Venturi to Bertoldo, which seems nearer the mark. But is not the ascription of any sculpture to Leonardo merely a subjective affirmation? Where there is no accredited work we lack a critical point of departure. In what Dr. Bode writes about the early work of Michael Angelo and the medals of Niccolò few critics fully concur. Still no art historian of recent times has wider knowledge and a more coördinating mind. His reconstructions have always been valuable even when unconvincing. No one, particularly no novice, will read him without profit. We trust that Dr. Bode and his publishers will combine to give this book, in a second edition, definitive and worthy form.

"Vermeer de Delft," by Gustave Vanzype (Brussels: G. van Oest & Co.), is an unpretentious study of the most exquisite of the Dutch masters, but it is long since we have read any bit of art criticism which seems so orderly, sensitive, and comprehensive. We recommend it cordially to all lovers of the enchanting Vermeer. M. Vanzype has discovered in the Van Gelder collection near Brussels what appears to be a large sketch for the famous View of Delft at The Hague. Otherwise, the little book follows established lines, but with rare discretion and enthusiasm. There are numerous good cuts, and a catalogue raisonné, and the price is only that of a French novel. It makes for modesty to recall that as fine a critic as Fromentin scoured both Netherlands without finding a word to say on Jan Vermeer. With him the Homeric right of nodding cannot have come to an end.

"La Sculpture espagnole," by Paul Lafond (Paris: Alcide Picard), is a welcome addition to the brief popular manuals issued under the patronage of the Ministry of Fine Arts. M. Lafond writes with authority on all matters Spanish, and, if the present volume is at times rather hard reading, it is because it is if anything overfilled with information. Since there is little material available on the subject this cannot be reckoned a defect. An index of the chief monuments by places, occupying some twenty-five pages, makes this book a valuable supplement to the ordinary guides. No great sculpture was possible in Spain. Our author admits that at the outset. During the Gothic period, on the whole the best, the sense of nationality was lacking. Later the tyranny of the church kept alive the suspicion of the human body and contempt of life, that made any idealistic treatment of the human form impossible. What was left was realism and asceticism. The great sculpture of what we misleadingly call renaissance and modern Spain is to really great sculpture as the painting of Ribera and Zurburan is to really great painting. But within her limitations Spain produced much that was poignant and individual. For religious ecstasy, for the authentic ferocity of faith expressed in clay, wood, and marble we must turn to the land of Teresa of Avila. What is lacking is not sincerity (that Spain kept through the histrionic years of the Baroque), but a certain nobility, which though plainly in the Spanish character, never was permitted free expression in any but the literary art. This scholarly book opening up a new field may well supply jaded palates with a fresh sensation, akin to the Greco craze. Sober readers will also find their account in it. For either class, the numerous cuts are too small and badly executed to be of much service.

"Aus Kunst und Leben" is the title of a collection of essays, mostly on art, by Dr. P. W. von Keppler (Freiburg-im-B. and St. Louis, Mo.: Herder). Among the varied contents of the volume, the essays on Venice and Venetian art, on Siena, and on the lately discovered mediæval mural paintings at Burgfelden are perhaps the most interesting. The author, an ardent Catholic, takes the ecclesiastical side of art into special consideration. His style is picturesque and agreeable. The book is profusely illustrated.

The rebuilding of the Hohkönigsburg, instigated by Emperor William II, has lately caused a great deal of discussion. Bodo Ebhardt, the architect commissioned to carry on the work of restoration, now publishes his report, together with the history of this splendid example of mediæval architecture, "Die Hohkönigsburg im Elsass: Baugeschichtliche Untersuchung und Bericht über die Wiederherstellung," an issue in the series Deutsche Burgen (Berlin: Wasmuth Co.). The book contains much material about mediæval construction, especially interesting to architects.

The New York Society of Keramic Arts is holding this week its annual exhibition at the National Arts Club. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors, studies, and portraits, by F. Janin, at Knoedler's, till April 10; old engravings, Ederheimer's; etchings and lithographs by Whistler, Wunderlich's.

Walter Florian, who died in New York April 1, was born in this city and entered the Art Students' League, where he later took charge of the men's life class. He also studied in Paris and won the gold medal at "Julian's." Later, he studied sculpture under Saint-Gaudens. Among his well-known portraits are those of the French sculptor Rodin, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Carl Schurz, Gen. Cronje, and the grandchildren of Chief Justice Fuller.

George Herbert McCord, a landscape and marine artist, died in this city April 6, at the age of sixty. He was born here, and after studying under American teachers went abroad. He had received medals at the New Orleans Exposition and the St. Louis Exposition. He was member of several societies of artists and an associate of the National Academy.

Francis H. Schell, whose sketches of civil war brought him fame, died at Germantown, Pa., April 1, at the age of seventy-nine. At the beginning of the civil war Mr. Schell was sent to the front by *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, and later became chief of the staff of artists for that periodical in the field. He was supposed to have been the first artist to make use of the balloon to draw pictures of the enemy's encampments. After the war he entered into a partnership with Thomas Hogan, and for thirty years these artists worked together. Mr. Schell was also one of the first illustrators to draw for photographic processes.

From Berlin comes the news of the death of the sculptor Prof. Ferdinand Lepcke at the age of forty-three. He is best known for his Sintflut at Bromberg, and for Der Bildhauer and Wiedersehen in the Berlin National Gallery.

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-four, of Madame Sientje Mesdag (*née* Van Houten), the wife of the sea-painter, H. W. Mesdag. She was herself a painter of some note, and a number of her pictures are to be seen at the Mesdag Museum, at The Hague.

Finance.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Reduction of the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday, to 2½ per cent. as against the 3 per cent. at which it had stood during the eleven preceding weeks, was immediately a result of the decline in open market discount rates throughout the world. When the 3 per cent. rate was established, in January, money was lending at 2¾ per cent. on the Paris market; last week it brought only 1⅛ per cent., and had been as low as 1. Outside the Bank of England, lenders of money in London, who charged 2⅝ per cent. for short loans in January, were last week putting out their funds at less than 1¾; this week, they have asked only 1½. All this was evidence of the world-wide inactivity of trade and consequent lack of employment for floating capital. With private banks and banking houses offering money almost as low as 1½ per

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cent., the Bank of England, maintaining 3 per cent. as its own minimum rate, was practically out of the market. The bank has certain functions and responsibilities, in regulating the foreign exchanges and protecting its own reserve, which it fully recognizes; but it is also a joint-stock institution, and must pay at least some regard to the earning of dividends for its shareholders.

The reduction in its rate is, therefore, first a witness to the continuance in Europe of the industrial reaction which began with the panic of 1907. But it is something more than this. It is not even a mere passing incident in finance. It is the ending, for the time at any rate, of an extremely interesting financial experiment. In the middle of last January, the Bank's stock of gold, as was noted in the *Nation* of March 25, was $20,000,000 less than a year before. Not only so, but London, whose net export of gold to Paris had been only $10,000,000 in 1907, and $6,000,000 in 1906, had sent $112,000,000 to that market during 1908. Paris had captured, in the four months prior to the middle of last January, all of the $51,000,000 gold shipped to England from its Transvaal mines, and the rate of exchange between London and Paris apparently insured continuance of the movement.

One reason was, that London's open market discount rates had been ruling at 2¼ per cent., while Paris was bidding 2¾; even the Bank of France holding rates at 3 per cent., while the Bank of England fixed only 2½. The London bank resolved on its traditional *coup* of raising its own rate of discount; this was done on January 14. The first result was a rise of London private discount rates to 2¾ per cent.; the next, a rapid movement of French exchange in London's favor, until, from 25 francs 10½ centimes to the pound sterling, the Paris gold-import point, it got up on March 4 to 25.24½, or within ½ centime of the rate under which London's last previous import of gold from Paris had been made.

Next came a rush of gold into the Bank of England's reserve. Since the bank rate rose in January, the Bank of England has taken in $26,000,000 gold arrived from the Transvaal, $5,000,000 from Egypt, about $10,000,000 from New York, $2,000,000 from Germany, and about $1,000,000 from Paris. Between January 14 and last week Thursday, its total gold reserve had thus increased, as compared with the increase in the similar period of other years:

1909	$50,000,000	1905	$33,000,000
1908	20,000,000	1904	13,000,000
1907	10,000,000	1903	20,000,000
1906	35,000,000	1902	1,000,000

If the parallel is carried back further than 1902, it will be found that not in more than a quarter of a century has there been such an increase as this year's in the Bank of England's stock of gold, between the middle of January and the end of March.

Several inferences suggest themselves. One is, that the English bank is getting all at once its long-withheld share in the great supply of gold set free by the world's very large production of the period, and the meagre requirements of trade. Another is, that the historic recourse of "raising the bank rate to control the exchanges" has by no means lost its power. For further deductions, we must wait to see what happens, now that the bank rate has come down again. It is noteworthy that, when the bank reduced its rate last week, shipment of gold from New York to London ceased at once, and that, since the reduction, Paris exchange on London has fallen to 25 francs 17½ centimes. That is to say, the movement of French exchange in London's favor has retraced exactly one-half of the distance traversed since January. Furthermore, whereas the Bank of England has, since January, taken into its vaults practically all of the weekly gold arrivals from South Africa, this week the whole consignment from the Transvaal was reshipped from London to Vienna. It is therefore still a question whether the forces which operated to deplete the bank's reserve, before it advanced its discount rate in January, will not now come into play once more.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

À Kempis, Thomas Hemerken. The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ. P. J. Kennedy & Sons.
Arreguine, Victor. La Guerra. Amor libre. Buenos Aires.
Art Prices Current, 1907-8: A Record of Sale Prices at Christie's. London: Fine Art Trade Journal.
Ayscough, John. Dromina. Putnam. $1.50.
Boni, Giacomo. Trajan's Column. Henry Frowde.
Bruce, H. Addington. The Romance of American Expansion. Moffat, Yard. $1.75 net.
Burney, C. F. Israel's Hope of Immortality. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
Butler, Samuel. God the Known and God the Unknown. London: A. C. Fifield.
Cabell, James Branch. The Cords of Vanity. Doubleday, Page.
Calvert, Albert F., and Hartley, C. Gasquoine El Greco: An Account of His Life and Works. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Cambridge English Classics: English Bible. Authorised Version. 5 vols. Putnam.
Carter, Charles Frederick. When Railroads Were New. Henry Holt. $2 net.
Chamberlin, T. C., and others. The Tidal and Other Problems. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Channing, Edward, and Lansing, Marion Florence. The Story of the Great Lakes. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Chapin, Robert Coit. The Standard of Living Among Workingmen's Families in New York city. Charities Publication Committee. $2.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. Fame's Pathway. Duffield. $1.50.
Conant, Charles A. A History of Modern Banks of Issue. Putnam. $3.
Cooley, Charles Horton. Social Organization: A Study of the Larger Mind. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Davis, Norah. Wallace Rhodes: A Novel. Harper. $1.50.
De Land, Fred. Dumb no Longer: Romance of the Telephone. Washington: Volta Bureau.
Faxon, Frederick Winthrop. Annual Magazine Subject-Index for 1908. Boston: Boston Book Company. $3 net.
Fletcher, C. R. L. Historical Portraits: Richard II to Henry Wriothesley, 1400-1600. Henry Frowde. $2.90.
Forbes, Stephen Alfred, and Richardson, Robert Earl. Maps Showing Distribution of Illinois Fishes. Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History.
Fort, Charles. The Outcast Manufacturers. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.
France, Anatole. Thaïs. A translation by Robert B. Douglas. John Lane. $2.
Green, A. O. A Practical Arabic Grammar. Part II. Henry Frowde.
Griggs, Sutton E. Needs of the South. Nashville: Orion Pub. Co.
Harding, Samuel Bannister. Essentials in Mediæval History. American Book Co.
Harvey, George, and Others. On Track and Diamond. Harper. 60 cts.
Hoadley, George A. Physical Laboratory Handbook. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Jones, Harry C., and Anderson, John A. The Absorption Spectra of Solutions of Certain Salts. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Keith, Arthur Berriedale. Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. Appendix to Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
King, Gertrude. The Landlubbers. Doubleday, Page.
King, Henry Churchill. The Laws of Friendship Human and Divine. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Kipling, Rudyard. With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A. D. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Knortz, Karl. Der Menschliche Körper in Sage, Brauch, und Sprichwort. Würzburg: Curt Kabitzsch.
Lang, A. The Origin of Terms of Human Relationship. Henry Frowde.
Lavay, Jerome B. Disputed Handwriting. Chicago: Harvard Book Co. $3.
Lincoln, Abraham, and the London Punch. Edited by William S. Walsh. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Macdonough, Rodney. Life of Commodore Thomas Macdonough. Boston: Fort Hill Press. $2.
Markens, Isaac. Abraham Lincoln and the Jews. Isaac Markens, No. 62 Beaver Street. $1.
Mason, Caroline Atwater. The Spell of Italy. Boston: L. C. Page.
Merry, W. W. Orationes Tum Creweianæ Tum Gratulatoriæ. Henry Frowde.
Mumford, Eben. The Origins of Leadership. University of Chicago Press.
National Teacher-Training Institute Text-Books. Book Four: The Sunday-School Teacher's School. American Baptist Publication Society.
Maur, Kate V. Saint. The Earth's Bounty. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Norton, Dora Miriam. Freehand Perspective and Sketching. Brooklyn: Published by the author.
Novikoff, Madame Olga. Reminiscences and Correspondence. 2 vols. Edited by W. T. Stead. Putnam. $7.50 net.
O'Brien, Sara R. English for Foreigners. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cts.
Osgood, Irene. Servitude. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

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Russell, Alexander. The Theory of Electric Cables and Networks. D. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Sabatier, Paul. Les Modernistes: Notes d'histoire religieuse contemporaine. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.
Sawyer, H. C. The Matter with Nervousness. San Francisco: Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch.
Scott, W. Major. Aspects of Christian Mysticism. Dutton. $1 net.
Shaw, Adele Marie, and Beckwith, Carmelita. The Lady of the Dynamos. Henry Holt. $1.50.
Smith, William Walter. Religious Education: A Comprehensive Text Book. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co.
Soddy, Frederick. The Interpretation of Radium. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Solomon, Maurice. Electric Lamps. D. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Stanton, E. Brandon. Grant Vernon. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co. $1.
Stawell, Mrs. Rodolph. Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties. Boston: L. C. Page.
Stowell, Ellery C. Le Consul: Fonctions, Immunités, Organisation, Exequatur. Paris: A. Pedone.
Tolstoy, Leo. The Teaching of Jesus. Harper.
Vedder, Henry C. Church History Handbooks. Book I. The Early Period. Griffith & Rowland Press.
Watson, J. M. Aristotle's Criticisms of Plato. Henry Frowde.
Wilcox, Walter Dwight. The Rockies of Canada. Putnam. $5 net.
Wynne, May. The Gipsy Count. John McBride Co. $1.50.
Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association: A Review of Recent Liquor Legislation. New York.

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